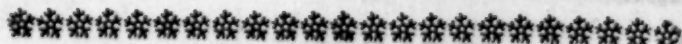


THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
Miss CLARINDA CATHCART,  
AND  
Miss FANNY RENTON.



\*\*\*\*\*

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
MISS CLARINDA CATHCART,



MISS F. A. TON.

\*\*\*\*\*



THE  
HISTORY  
OF

MISS CLARINDA CATHCART,  
AND  
MISS FANNY RENTON.

---

IN TWO VOLUMES.

---

VOL. II.

---

Virtue, oft-times, howe'er oppress'd she seems,  
(How few to rescue, tho' deplor'd by all!),  
Tho' folly's eye the angel vanquish'd deems,  
Survives her death, and triumphs in her fall.  
*Stephenson's Poems.*

---

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY W. HOGGARD.  
FOR  
FRANCIS NOBLE, at his Circulating Library,  
opposite *Gray's-Inn-Gate, Holborn;*  
AND  
JOHN NOBLE, at his Circulating Library,  
in *St. Martin's Court, near Leicester-Square.*  
M D C C L X V I.

HISTORY

Mrs. CHARLES CATHERINE

Mrs. FANNY RAYSON

THE TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II



LONDON

Printed by W. B. B. & Co.

FRANCIS & CO., 11, Old Bailey, London, E.C. 4.

JOHN MORRIS, 11, Old Bailey, London, E.C. 4.

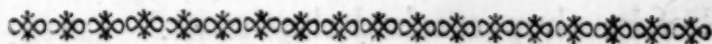
M.DCCCXVI

---

---

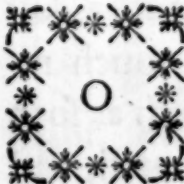
THE  
HISTORY  
OF

Miss CLARINDA CATHCART,  
AND  
Miss FANNY RENTON.



Miss CATHCART, to Miss FLOYD.

(In Continuation.)

 H, my dear *Nancy*, what a day this has been! Sir *William* is a great deal worse. Sir *Charles Chester* and the captain are come; but Sir *William* is too low to enquire for them. I have not spirits to tell you the melancholy meeting betwixt the brother and sisters,

VOL. II.

B

nor

## 2      *The* HISTORY *of*

nor betwixt Mr. *Renton* and the captain. The two last held one another in their arms for some minutes, while the tears rushed down their manly cheeks. Oh *Nancy* ! it is an affecting thing to see a man weep : Our sex shedding tears is nothing in comparison. I ought to have retired when they came in ; but I trembled and shook so, that I could not move. They had heard the bad news before they reached the house. Lady *Renton* has not seen them yet.

I have been down stairs. Sir *Charles* and the captain are both in the room with Sir *William*. He had got a soft sleep, my aunt said, and was much refreshed. He enquired for them as soon as he awaked. My aunt hesitated, and said, she did not know if they were come. She had a mind, first, to consult the doctor ; but Sir *William* observed her, and said, “ You need not  
“ be

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart.* 3

"be afraid, Mrs. *Cathcart*, I understand  
"they are come, and I find myself at  
"present very able to receive them."  
There is nobody in the room with them  
but Lady *Renton*.

They are gone up stairs with Mr.  
*Renton*. Lady *Chester*, it seems, was  
with them. We thought she had been  
in her own room. Mr. *Friendly* and  
Mr. *Hope* are to be sent for to-morrow.  
*Fanny* wishes her father may not desire  
to see her at the same time, as she is  
certain she could not stand it.

*Morning, 8 o'clock.*

Sir *William* has had a very tolerable  
night, and is quite serene and easy. Mr.  
*Renton* has wrote to Mr. *Friendly*: so  
we expect him and Mr. *Hope* soon.  
The captain staid all the evening with  
his brother. Neither of them came  
down to supper. Sir *Charles* supped  
B 2 with



#### 4      *The* HISTORY of

with the family. He seems to be a very affectionate husband, and Lady *Chester's* grief, 'tis easy to discern, is a little subsided since his arrival.

I am just now returned from *Fanny*. Mr. *Friendly* and Mr. *Hope* are come, and have been half an hour in the room with Sir *William* and Lady *Renton*. I thought, during the time they were there, *Fanny* would have gone into fits. She looked so wild several times, that I was quite frightened. There was nobody in the room with her but me. I gave her some lavender, and held her head on my bosom. When Mr. *Friendly* and Mr. *Hope* came out of the room, they were both wiping the tears from their eyes. Mr. *Friendly* went up stairs to Mr. *Renton*, and Mr. *Hope* gave a gentle tap at *Fanny's* dressing-room door. The dear girl raised her head, and I went to see who it was.

I was

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart.* 5

I was afraid it might be some indiscreet messenger. When I saw it was Mr. *Hope*, I turned about to *Fanny*, who, trembling and pale, had sunk off the chair. I gave a shriek. He flew in, and throwing himself on the ground by her, cried, "O *Fanny*! my angel! "speak! She breathes! My God! "protect my life, my best, my dearest "*Fanny*." I was so confused, I did not know what I was doing. The shriek I had given had alarmed Lady *Chester* and *Caroline*. They thought Sir *William* was gone, and were almost in as bad a condition. By good fortune it was not heard in Sir *William's* chamber; but, before I knew what I was about, Mrs. *Dawson*, and two of the maids were in the room. *Fanny* was brought to herself by hartshorn, and sprinkling cold water on her face. Lady *Chester* and *Caroline* came up stairs,

## 6      *The HISTORY of*

as soon as they were composed. Mr. *Hope* blamed himself for his rashness, while he held the hand of the poor reviving *Fanny* in his own. Mrs. *Dawson* and the maids went down stairs. Lady *Chester*, *Caroline*, and I, sat till she was tolerably composed. Lady *Chester* arose first. *Caroline* and I soon followed her example, and left the two lovers alone.

Sir *William* finds himself so easy, that he proposes seeing his family together in the afternoon. Mr. *Clarkson*, the chaplain, is to say prayers. What a solemn meeting it will be! Not a servant, he says, he expects to be absent. I wish it was over. It is impossible, I think, that every one will stand it. Lady *Renton* and my aunt are to be absent.

Good God! my dear *Nancy*, what an awful meeting! O may it make a  
lasting

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart.* 7

lasting impression on my mind, that I may be enabled to do my duty in such manner, as to look back with pleasure on a well-spent life. At four o'clock all the family, as was intended, except Lady *Renton* and my aunt, were assembled in Sir *William's* bed-chamber. With tears in their eyes did every one go in. Sir *William*, leaning on his elbow in the bed, said, "My dear children and friends, I am very glad to see you all assembled. I did not think my family was so large as it appears to be, now you are all met. Mr. *Clarkson*," continued he, "is it not very strange (seeing most of us with handkerchiefs at our eyes) that what sooner or later must happen to all, should affect my good friends so?" "It is natural, Sir *William*, and allowable," replied Mr. *Clarkson*, "to grieve for a worthy person whom we

B 4

"love;



8      *The HISTORY of*

“love; but I hope we shall be enabled  
“to support our loss, if it should please  
“God to deprive us of our best friend,  
“and be resigned to his divine will.”  
“I hope so, Mr. *Clarkson*,” said Sir  
*William*, and making a bow with his head.  
Mr. *Clarkson* began prayers. They were  
very short, fervent, and proper for the  
occasion. After prayers, he gave a  
short discourse on the vanity of all earth-  
ly enjoyments, of the uncertainty of  
every thing but death, and an exhor-  
tation to all present to improve the ta-  
lents God had given them, and to live  
such lives as that they might die the  
death of the righteous, and have their  
latter end like theirs. After he had  
finished his discourse, he gave another  
short prayer, and concluded with the  
usual thanksgiving.

Sir *William* then sat up in his bed,  
and desired *Susan* to support him with  
pillows.



pillows. We all moved as if we would assist, but were unable to proceed.

“ Now,” said he, “ as Mr. *Clarkson* “ has very pathetically told you your “ duty, I have little else to say, than to “ beg you will make a proper use of “ what you have heard. As a dying “ man, I put you in mind of its import- “ ance; and you, my children, in par- “ ticular, I advise to comfort one an- “ other, and continue to be dutiful to “ the best of mothers: Remember the “ care and anxiety with which she “ brought you up. I believe I have “ occasion to say little on this head; “ but the best have need to be remind- “ ed of their duty. There may be se- “ veral children in the room, who have “ parents as well as mine. I speak to “ you in general. Remember, it is as “ much your duty to take care of them “ in their old age, as it is the duty of

10      *The HISTORY of*

“ parents to take care of their children  
“ in their helpless infancy.—*George*, you  
“ have long been a faithful, honest,  
“ servant. My father gave you to  
“ me as a treasure. I have found you  
“ such, and have considered you ac-  
“ cordingly. I recommend you to the  
“ care of my son *Harry*, who, on your  
“ own account, as well as for the me-  
“ mory of his father, will see you spend  
“ your latter days in ease.”

The good old man kneeled down,  
and, lifting up his hands and eyes, said,  
“ O God! reward the goodness of my  
“ master from generation to genera-  
“ tion!” He arose, leaned his head on  
the wainscot, and was silent. “ Good  
“ old man,” said Sir *William*, “ the  
“ prayer of the righteous availeth  
“ much.” Every one was so affected,  
that it was with the greatest difficulty  
we kept from crying aloud. *Susan*, and  
another

another of the maids went out, but soon returned. "I see," said Sir *William*, "you are all too much affected. I will not detain you. Every servant will find I have remembered them, according to what I have heard of their merit, and the time they have been in the family. I hope they will all continue to shew a good example to one another, and be valued as they deserve. Mr. *Clarkson*, you will sit down by me. You may all retire." *Nell*, who could contain her sobs no longer, cried aloud. Sir *Charles* and Lady *Chester* hurried her out of the room. We all followed, and retired to our several apartments.

I was surpris'd Sir *William* said nothing particular to any of the servants, except *George*. Mrs. *Dawson* has been long in the family; but my aunt tells me, he has left Mr. *Clarkson* and her

considerably. And, as it was thought these two have an affection for each other, Sir *William* has advised Mr. *Clarkson* to marry, and has recommended it to his son to endeavour to make interest to get him a parsonage. Mrs. *Dawson*, she said, being often in the room with him, he had no occasion to speak to her in public; that she supposed he had particularized *George*, in order to gain him respect amongst the other servants, as age is but often very little revered: besides, it was an encouragement to the rest to be faithful.

O *Nancy*! was not this, as I said, an awful meeting! And yet there was not any of that horror, which we are apt to conceive at the thoughts of death. I find my spirits funk; yet, I feel, as it were, a pleasing melancholy at the thought, that, when death approaches  
to



to a good person, though he be blessed with all the comforts of life, he can thus lay them down without regret. Death, to Sir *William*, does not appear a meagre skeleton, followed with a train of terrors, or even of uncertain prospects: he seems, on the contrary, the kind messenger of happiness, with a smiling aspect, inviting him to regions of immortal bliss, where the mercy and kindness he has shewn to his fellow-creatures on earth, and the reverence and homage he has paid his great Creator, will be amply rewarded.

The doctor thinks him much exhausted since last night. He speaks very little. He said to my aunt this morning, "I think, Mrs. *Catbcart*, I  
 "have remembered every thing; but  
 "if I have not, I leave a son that, I  
 "am persuaded, will make up where  
 "I have been deficient. I hope you  
 "and



## 14     *The HISTORY of*

“and your niece will not suddenly  
“leave my family. My dear *Charlotte*  
“will want your kind assistance at a  
“time, when, I know, she will stand in  
“much need of consolation from a  
“sympathizing friend. The young  
“people will be the better for Miss  
“*Cathcart's* company.”

Alas! my dearest *Nancy*, Sir *William*  
is now no more! I was alarmed while I  
was writing, with a confused noise below.  
I dreaded the cause, and, trembling,  
went down stairs. The first I met was  
*Susan*, who, clasping her hands, sobbed  
out, “O Miss, my dear, dear master  
“is gone.” I had not gone two steps  
farther, when the door of Sir *William's*  
bed-chamber opened, and there came  
out the doctor, Mr. *Clarkson*, and my  
aunt, carrying Lady *Renton* pale and  
breathless. Sir *William* had died, un-  
expectedly, in her arms. I knew not  
whither

whither to turn my feet, till one of the servants called out, "Miss *Cathcart*!" "Miss *Cathcart*! O come immediately to poor Miss *Caroline*!" I followed the maid, and found that affectionate girl in the same situation, her two brothers supporting her, and saying, "O my *Caroline*! my dear sister!" I don't know how I had power to go for the hartshorn bottle. I remember my taking it off the mantle-piece, but know no more of what passed till I waked, and found myself in bed, Lady *Chester* sitting by me. After I recovered from the fit, I had some confused remembrance of seeing people about me; but having wanted rest for so many nights I fell immediately, it seems, into a sound sleep, and waked not for two hours. I put by the curtain, and her ladyship asked me how I did. I supposed, I said, I had been ill,

16 *The HISTORY of*

ill, but that I thought I was very easy at present. I enquired for Lady *Renton* and *Caroline*. "Thank God," said her ladyship, "*Caroline*, and all of us, are better and more composed than we were." I arose, but found myself very weak. I sat all the evening with *Caroline* and *Fanny*. We scarcely ever spoke a word but expressed our grief more emphatically by our looks and silence.

This morning a mournful silence reigns through all the house. Lady *Renton* wants much to see the corpse of her husband; but we hope, she will be persuaded to alter her resolution.

My aunt has just now received a letter from my father, where he tells her, that, Sir *George Evergreen* being to sail sooner than he expected, he will be with her at *Castleton* to-morrow evening,

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart.* 17

ing, to conduct me home the day following. Does not this happen very unluckily? I don't know in my heart how to leave this family at such a time as this is; and, what makes it worse, Mr. *Hope* will be obliged to go soon. I wish *Fanny* don't guess the reason of my being taken away so suddenly, as, she knows it was on Lady *Evergreen's* account that I could not accept of Lady *Forrest's* invitation. But she must know soon from Mr. *Hope* himself. My aunt is very uneasy. She does not know how to leave Lady *Renton*. I tell her if she will go to *Castleton* and see my father only for half an hour, 'twill be sufficient. O *Nancy*! did I think, when I left *London* with such a heavy heart, that I should return with a heart more thoroughly grieved! You cannot imagine, my dear girl, what pain I feel at the thoughts of leaving this country.

18      *The HISTORY of*

country, and this family in such distress. Lady *Evergreen* will find me much altered. I am certain I shall have now no relish for the company I used to be so delighted with. You, *Nancy*, and my cousin *Betsy*, are the only persons, except my father, I shall like to see. I beg, my dear, the favour of you, your good mother, and *Polly*, that they will spare you to stay with me a week or two, till I have recovered some spirits.

I send this with the post this evening, so you will get it, probably, the day before I arrive. *Robert* and the captain's servant are going to town express, but I don't chuse to detain them with delivering my letter. Lord *Elmor* has sent several messages here, but has never come himself. I wonder if he has heard of Mr. *Hope* being in the family! Lady *Chester* has just now sent  
to



Miss. *Clarinda Cathcart.* 19

to ask me down stairs. I go as soon as I have sealed my letter. I will write no more here. God bless you, my dearest *Nancy*! Adieu.

CLARINDA CATHCART.



*Miss* CATHCART, to *Lady* FORREST.

*London.*

I HOPE my dear *Lady Forrest* received the card I sent her, acquainting her ladyship with my being obliged to leave the country so suddenly, and without seeing her. The death of that good man *Sir William Renton*, and the grief I left that worthy family in, have quite spread a damp over my spirits. I have our good friend, *Nancy*, with me, who does all she can to divert my melancholy. A little time, I tell her, will wear

wear it off. I can't expect it will go all at once. Besides, Lady *Forrest*, I believe I am only now what I ought always to be; for don't you think I am naturally too gay? Yet I know my letters will be very insipid at present; but I could not think of depriving myself of a correspondence, which you was so good to propose.

I left my aunt at *Renton Park*, where she is to continue till after Sir *William* is buried. She only staid an hour with my father at *Castleton*, and returned to that truly afflicted family. Lord *Edgar* and Mr. *Temple* had heard of my being to leave the country, so waited on my father and me, and came along with us the whole way to *London*. Whether business or gallantry led them to this, I know not, but as they chose to be silent on the subject, you know, I was not to thank them for the compliment.

ment. My father gave them an invitation to dine with us the next day, which they accepted, and were to set out the following morning for the country.

I have been twice with Lady *Evergreen*. She is busied in chusing an assortment of fine cloaths, and preparing every thing for her voyage. She says she is quite in the vapours at the thought of leaving dear *London*; but I cannot say I see any thing of it; for she appears to me to be as gay as ever. She says the country has made me quite stupid. Her ladyship has made me a present of a very handsome diamond solitaire. My father makes *Nancy* and me go out every morning an airing in a post-chaise. He has some thoughts, he says, of having one of his own this winter. Oh, Lady *Forrest*! how was all the happiness we proposed at Sir *William's* ball frustrated! Gracious heaven!

## 22     *The HISTORY of*

heaven! when I look back, and think how merry he was pairing us all, and then said, "But I fancy, Lady *Forrest*, it will be better to let them chuse for themselves; only remember, I intend to lead up the ball with Lady *Renton*." What a sudden change! How uncertain are the pleasures of life! My cousin *Betsy* will have it, that my reflections are merely the effect of low spirits. Perhaps they may: but though I should again recover them, I don't think I shall ever enjoy, so much as I have done, happiness in prospect. I beg, my dear Lady *Forrest*, you will cultivate the intimacy, that seemed to be commencing between you and that family. I sincerely wish it for both your sakes. I hope your ladyship will favour me with a letter as soon as convenient. My father joins with me in compliments to you and Sir *Robert*.

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart*. 23

*bert*. I beg mine may be made acceptable to Lady Dowager. *Nancy* writes by the same post. I am my dear Lady *Forrest's* much obliged, and most humble servant,

CLARINDA CATHCART.



Miss CATHCART, to Miss FANNY RENTON.

My dear *Fanny*,

ACCORDING to my promise, I acquaint you with my safe arrival. But you can't imagine, my dear girl, how anxious I am to hear how Lady *Renton* and the family are. I only write these few lines, in hopes of a return, since I can have nothing material to say so soon after my arrival. I hope the good sense that, I know, reigns in the family, will soon restore all of you to your usual serenity. I won't trouble  
you



24 *The HISTORY of*

you with compliments, but believe me to be, with a thousand good wishes for the happiness of every individual,

Your sincere Friend,

CLARINDA CATHCART.

P. S. Having a frank, I trouble you with the enclosed for my aunt. I suppose she is still with you.



*Lady FORREST, to Miss CATHCART.*

My dear *Clarinda*,

SIR *Robert* and I are both extremely sorry at being deprived of your company so much sooner than we expected. As to your apology for not being at *Forrest Abbey*, it is but too good not to be accepted. I sincerely sympathize with that good family  
in

in their grief. I never heard of a man so much, nor so justly, regretted. His tenants and servants, they say, are quite inconsolable, though, I am sure, to appearance, Sir *Harry* promises to have all the good qualities of his father; and, I dare say, will make a good master. Sir *Robert* says, he never saw, at a burial, so many sincere mourners. He mentions an old servant of Sir *William's*, with his silver locks, whose grief affected all near him. The whole family were at church on *Sunday*. The Rev. Dr. *Barton* preached a funeral sermon. There was not, I am certain, a dry eye in the whole church. The text was in the Psalms: *I was dumb, and opened not my mouth, because thou didst it.* Poor Miss *Fanny* had near fainted, and was led out of the church by Lord *Elmor*, and Mr. *Hope* soon followed. She recovered when she got

into the air, but did not venture to return.

It is reported here, that Sir *William*, before he died, sent for Mr. *Hope*, and joined Miss *Fanny*'s hand in his, at the same time giving them his blessing. You will know if this be truth. If it is, what will become of poor Lord *Elmor*? Indeed I scarce believe it, as, I understand, Mr. *Hope* has nothing of his own, but depends entirely on Mr. *Friendly*, who, it is not to be supposed, can do much for him.

Sir *William*, it seems, has left each of his daughters 5000*l*. The captain 7000*l*. Sir *Harry* comes into a good estate of 2000*l*. a year, only burthened with Lady *Renton*'s jointure, which is 300*l*. a year, and a jointure-house, which, it is supposed, she will go to with the younger children, when Sir *Harry* thinks proper to marry. He has

*Miss Clarinda Cathcart.* 27

has left ready money sufficient to pay off the younger children, besides other legacies. Not a servant in the house, but he has remembered. Two hundred pounds he has ordered for the poor of the parish. Sir *Robert* had this account from Mr. *Clarkson*, who added, that his worthy master had left him far above what he could possibly have expected, but did not mention the sum.

I am sorry, my dear, to find, both by your own account, and *Nancy's*, that you are so low spirited. My letter, you will say, is not wrote to raise them. But I know, my dear, by the experience of a much heavier affliction, that they will rise of course. There would be few chearful and happy people in the world, if time did not only alleviate, but even almost wear out the memory of their sorrows.



28      *The HISTORY of*

Sir *Robert* and I are in hopes you have made a conquest of Lord *Edgar*. I sincerely wish you may. He has an extreme good character, and his estate, Sir *Robert* says, is sufficient to keep up his rank. I should rather, *Clarinda*, you were married to a gentleman with a small fortune, than to a poor lord; but that will not be the case, if you get Lord *Edgar*.

I was diverted to hear of Lady *Evergreen's* vapours. Though a fine lady, I never heard her complain of them before. I dare say she will be quite elevated with her own consequence, where she is going. They tell me, she will receive as much homage as the queen, and that, you know, her ladyship delights in. I wish no misfortune may befall poor *Dick* in the voyage. If he should happen to be sea-sick, her ladyship would get the vapours in earnest. It was a  
very



very genteel present, the diamond solitaire. I thank her ladyship for that.

Lady *Forrest* returns you her compliments. She says, you are an amiable young woman, and hopes you will, one day, make some good man happy. You know you have Sir *Robert's* best wishes, and mine; so, without ceremony, my dear, I only beg you will remember me, in the kindest manner, to your worthy father, and am,

Your's, &c.

SALLY FORREST.

P. S. I see Lord *Edgar* in the great walk with Sir *Robert*. I suppose we shall have him to dine with us. Remember, *Clarinda*, you promised me, upon honour, not to follow my example, in concealing your matrimonial scheme, till it be near concluded. If

you do, I will never forgive you, as you cannot possibly have the same reason I had. Besides, you know, you will be much the better for my advice. Adieu.



*Miss CATHCART, to Lady FORREST.*

I HAD the favour, my dear Lady *Forrest*, of your obliging letter. The first part of it gave me (I may say) a pleasing pain. To hear of so many new instances of the death of a good man being so much regretted, makes one pleased with the world in general, at the same time that we grieve for our particular loss.

As you observe, Lady *Forrest*, I believe there is no great danger of my natural spirits not returning; and as you mention Lord *Edgar* so particularly,

larly, I imagine you think a lover would contribute not a little to produce that effect.

Now suppose I should, without any further solicitation, or intreaty, confer on you the honour of being my confidante! As to your reminding me of my promise, I thought your ladyship had known the world better, than to put a person of my dignity in mind of a promise. However, as I have some interest in performing, like other politicians, I will make a merit of it at this time.—But, stop; let me consider—Make Lady *Forrest* my confidante! She, who was desperately in love with Sir *Robert* before marriage, and is now his affectionate dutiful wife! who tells him all the thoughts of her heart, entertains him with all her epistolary correspondence, and says, My dear Sir *Robert*, is she not a lively girl? Can she

be a proper person to entrust, who has no secrets to give in return, and who will undoubtedly reveal mine, when she knows them? And to whom?—Oh, frightful!—to a man!—Ah! *Clarinda*, retract.

I am extremely sorry, *Lady Forrest*, it is not in my power to oblige you at this time. A relation of my own has made application, and, you know, one cannot refuse a relation. But then, let me think again—I must have one to tell my secrets to in town, and another to whom I may have the pleasure of writing them in the country—And where shall I find a proper one in the country? Suppose one of the *Miss Renton's*? No, for particular reasons, not one of them will answer—And I must have one to write to.—Well, what if I still trust *Lady Forrest*? The men, it is said, never divulge a secret.

And



And then, you know, if I should never ask Lady *Forrest*, whether or not she keeps my letters from Sir *Robert*, it is the same thing if I don't know, whether he knows or not.—Well said, *Clarinda*! I always knew you would make an excellent politician.

How happy am I, my dear Lady *Forrest*, to have found out a flaw in the character of the relation I mentioned, which, to be sure, gives me a fair opportunity to break my promise to her, and to confer an office on your ladyship, which you are so capable to fill, and of which you are so worthy.

And now, my dear Lady *Forrest*, to be serious; I hope you will pardon my giving way to my whimsical humour. You know I always make my pen run where the fancy strikes me. And now, I suppose, by this time, you are confirmed in your opinion, that I have got



a lover, and that he has had the wished-for effect of enlivening my spirits.

Well, as your ladyship can judge so well of the cause by the effects; for that, as well as for many other reasons, I think I must trust you. Then know, Lady *Forrest*, on *Saturday* last, *Nancy* and I were just returned from our airing, when my father came in to us in the dining-room. "I beg pardon," said he, "Miss *Floyd*, for leaving you alone, "but I want to talk a little to you, "*Clarinda*, in my closet." He immediately went out. I whispered to *Nancy*, "A proposal of marriage, I suppose," drew up my head, and walked after him. As soon as I went into the closet, my father began.

"Well, *Clarinda*, I want, my dear, "to ask you a question, and I expect "you will answer me seriously."——  
"You may be certain, sir, I will."——  
"Pray

“ Pray sit down,” said he. “ Well,  
 “ I want to ask you, my dear, if you  
 “ have made any conquests in the coun-  
 “ try ; are your affections engaged ?”  
 Something, I believe, like a conscious  
 blush, overspread my face. However,  
 I answered, I think, with a tolerable  
 good conscience, “ I assure you, sir, I  
 “ don’t know of any conquest I have  
 “ made either in town or country ;  
 “ but what makes you ask me so se-  
 “ riously ?” “ Why, *Clarinda,*” replied  
 he, “ my reason is this: I have had a  
 “ very advantageous proposal of mar-  
 “ riage for you this day ; but, as I ne-  
 “ ver will force your inclinations, I was  
 “ willing, before I gave my consent to  
 “ any one to pay his addresses to  
 “ you, to know whether or not your  
 “ heart was disengaged. I have no  
 “ fear, *Clarinda,* that you will give  
 “ your hand without asking my ad-

“vice.” “But who is the gentleman,  
“fir?” questioned I; “though, before  
“I hear, I wish not to marry for some  
“time.” “As to that, *Clarinda*,” said  
he, “a good husband can never come  
“in a wrong time. It is an old say-  
“ing, *many a one marries in haste, and*  
“*repents at leisure*; but, I believe,  
“there are as many of your sex repent  
“at leisure for refusing in haste; and,  
“I dare say, this would be your case,  
“if you were foolish enough to refuse  
“Lord *Darnly*. It seems, he dined  
“with you at Sir *George Evergreen’s*, on  
“*Wednesday* last. You remember  
“him, no doubt.” With eyes fixed  
on the ground, “Yes, fir,” said I,  
“but”—“But what, my dear?” re-  
turned he. “I have no ambition, fir,”  
said I, “for grandeur.—I don’t think  
“I could be happy with Lord *Darnly*.”  
“Why, *Clarinda*,” replied he, “I have  
“told

“told you I will not force your incli-  
 “nations; but I do not expect you  
 “will make a bad use of my good-  
 “nature and indulgence, by contra-  
 “dicting me for contradiction’s sake.”  
 “Indeed, my dear Sir,” replied I,  
 (with the tears starting in my eyes).  
 “I never will; but I beg you will not  
 “bring Lord *Darnly* to see me: I am  
 “certain I never can be his.”—“You  
 “amaze me, *Clarinda*,” returned my  
 father, “I was going to tell you the  
 “particulars of the conversation I had  
 “with his lordship; but I am afraid  
 “you are not so good and dutiful a  
 “daughter as I imagined. I am not  
 “the first parent that has been de-  
 “ceived.—But you had better con-  
 “sider of what I have told you; I  
 “shall say no more on the subject  
 “till to-morrow.” So saying, he left  
 me.

And



And now, Lady *Forrest*, are you not as much amazed, and as angry with me, as is my honoured father? Refuse the addresses of a rich and noble peer, neither old nor ugly! Your ladyship borrows that of the *Suspicious Husband*. I will repay you from *Pope*:

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take,  
But every woman is, at heart, a rake.

Oh, heaven! what put it in his head to hand such a fib down to posterity? And what put it in my head, you will say, to write it down just now? Why, my dear, your borrowing from *Ranger*; that's all.—And then the conquest of a young nobleman, though rejected, gives one spirits, especially when one has a favoured lover lying in embryo, and can give the lye to the above lines, by shewing, that the gay, sprightly *Clarinda* can fix at once, without



out having the least inclination to coquet it one half hour with my lord.

Now, are you again amazed, how I could give such an answer to my father's serious question, when——Cease your wonder, Lady *Forrest*; don't judge rashly; cannot you suppose, that I told the truth, and that my rejecting a title, because I could not love the intitled, has been rewarded by the offer of a gentleman, agreeable to my taste?

Now, Lady *Forrest*, shall I be really serious?

My father left me in the closet, where I continued a few minutes musing, and then made the best of my way to *Nancy*, and told her all that had passed. She had no notion, I believe, more than I, that what I supposed in jest, should be confirmed in earnest. I told her my resolution of having nothing to say to my lord at present, which

which my dear *Nancy* was far from disapproving. She knew very well I had no certainty of having made a conquest, as I told my father; yet she knew, at the same time, that my heart was far from being in the same situation as when I first went into the country; I suppose you now guess Lord *Edgar*; but in that my dear Lady *Forrest* is mistaken. But will not your ladyship blame me for allowing my affections to be engaged without any application, and be ready, with *Nancy*, to put me in mind of my former security? But, my dear Lady *Forrest*, let me ask you a question: Did you never take up the wrong side of an argument, merely to enliven the conversation? What a dull set of mortals should we be, if every body were to agree in the same thing? Don't the lawyers, think you, when defending a bad cause, besides the delight

light they have in pocketing the cash, take a pleasure in their quibbles and quirks? Don't the judges, whose opinions are given according to conscience, suppose they would have done so and so, when, God knows, if the case had been their own, the very best, perhaps, would have done the contrary? Now you may, as you please, suppose me an able lawyer, or a conscientious judge, and, I think, I cannot, as either, sink in your ladyship's esteem. And now, having confessed the truth, and, perhaps, endeavoured to make black white, let me tell you, though I found my inclinations a little fettered, I was not without hopes, in case my favourite swain should never pay his addresses to me, I assure you, I was not without hopes of getting the better of my prepossession. But then to have admitted of my lord's visits as a lover, prepos-  
fessed.

felted as I was, I could never have answered it to my own heart; and, I am certain, if my father had insisted on my doing so, I should have been very unhappy; and the more so, as I could not, you know, give him my reasons.

With *Nancy* was I consulting how I should behave, when the post brought me a letter from Miss *Fanny Renton*, and one inclosed (now I know you guess right) from Sir *Harry*. I here give you the contents of both. I begin with my dear *Fanny's*.

“ My dear *Clarinda*,

“ I Hope your goodness will excuse  
 “ my being so long before I wrote  
 “ to you. You sympathized too sincerely  
 “ with the distress of this family,  
 “ not to impute my silence to the true  
 “ cause. We are still but in a melancholy  
 “ way. We stalk up and down  
 “ the



Miss *Clarinda Cathcart*. 43

“ the house, only (I think) like the  
“ shadows of what we were. But time,  
“ they say, gets the better of the se-  
“ verest affliction. My mother, I think,  
“ bears up better than any of us,  
“ which is no small mercy. I inclose a  
“ letter, which, I imagine, will very  
“ much surprise you. I suspected  
“ *Harry* a little, but I don’t think  
“ you did. Oh, my dear *Clarinda*,  
“ you can’t conceive how much I love  
“ my brother! I would do any thing  
“ to promote his happiness. He can-  
“ not, I am certain, be more anxious  
“ for a favourable answer from you  
“ than I am. He knew that you had  
“ all my secrets; so thought, my dear,  
“ of course I had yours. He came  
“ to me the other day in the garden.  
“ I was amazed; for he trembled  
“ when he began to speak. I am go-  
“ ing, said he, *Fanny*, to ask you a  
“ question.



44      *The HISTORY of*

“question, which I am afraid to hear  
 “an answer to; and yet, my dear, you  
 “must answer me sincerely. I was go-  
 “ing to say, my whole happiness de-  
 “pends on your answer; but, alas!  
 “though it should be agreeable, it  
 “will be far from dissipating my fears.

“Do you know, *Clarinda*, though  
 “*Caroline* and I had been saying that  
 “we thought *Harry* in love with you,  
 “yet it did not occur to me, at the  
 “time, that he was going to speak of it.  
 “What in the name of wonder, my dear  
 “*Harry*, said I, are you going to ask?  
 “Will you answer me sincerely? re-  
 “turned he. I will, upon my ho-  
 “nour, said I. Oh, *Fanny*, replied  
 “he, tell me, then, is Miss *Catbcart*  
 “engaged? Now, my dear *Clarinda*,  
 “I confess I immediately told him,  
 “you was not. I need not tell you  
 “how he behaved, or what he said;  
 “his

“his hopes and his fears! I will only  
“assure you, like a true lover, the  
“last were predominant. You will  
“not, perhaps, believe me sincere,  
“when I say, that I do not wish more  
“earnestly Mr. *Hope's* return from the  
“*West-Indies*, than I do to call my  
“*Clarinda*, sister. But, my dear, I  
“will not allow you to suspect my  
“sincerity: only put me in mind,  
“that I don't always know my own  
“heart.

“You know very well, *Clarinda*,  
“when you went away, that Mr. *Hope*  
“was soon to leave me. It was not  
“long before I was informed, that my  
“generous, kind brother was against  
“his going, and insisted on adding  
“two thousand pounds to my fortune.  
“My dear *Caroline* said she would  
“cheerfully give up two thousand of  
“hers, to keep him at home. But  
“this

“ this last offer, you may believe,  
“ neither Mr. *Hope* or I would ac-  
“ cept. *Harry* went to consult Mr.  
“ *Friendly*, who advised with several of  
“ his friends; but all agree it is abso-  
“ lutely necessary he should go abroad.  
“ They say, his stay may be short; so,  
“ my dear, we must acquiesce, and  
“ ought to be very thankful, that our  
“ prospect of happiness is neither so  
“ distant nor so dark as it was. *Harry*  
“ has acquainted Lord *Elmor*. He ap-  
“ peared much affected; but, reco-  
“ vering himself, wished us all happi-  
“ ness, and told my brother he would  
“ set out, next day, to an estate he has  
“ in the north. I sincerely pity him,  
“ *Clarinda*; but I hope absence will  
“ prove an effectual cure.”

This, my dear Lady *Forrest*, was  
the whole of *Fanny's* letter, except the  
usual concluding compliments. You

adit ”

see

See what you heard of Mr. *Hope* was true enough, omitting only that circumstance of Sir *William* joining their hands; but he knew very well, and did not disapprove of their engagements. I will now give you the contents of Sir *Harry's* letter; for I am resolved not to trust you by halves.

“Madam,

“**I**T is in the utmost dread of your  
 “displeasure, that I venture to dis-  
 “close a passion, which my behaviour,  
 “when you was at *Renton Park*,  
 “might have given you some cause to  
 “suspect. Lord *Edgar* spoke high in  
 “your praise, before ever I had the  
 “pleasure of seeing you; but, Oh!  
 “my dearest angel, allow me to pour  
 “forth the overflowings of my heart,  
 “by telling you, that your modest  
 “sprightliness, joined to your good  
 “sense,



48 *The HISTORY of*

“ sense, and unaffected behaviour, has  
 “ so far taken possession of my heart,  
 “ that my whole happiness depends on  
 “ your being favourable to my wishes.  
 “ Often did I resolve to throw myself  
 “ at your feet; but as often did my  
 “ fears check me, till your leaving  
 “ *Renton Park* made me at last come  
 “ to a resolution to know my fate. I  
 “ was writing to you, when my dear  
 “ father was taken ill; and it is im-  
 “ possible for me to express what I  
 “ suffered betwixt the fear of losing  
 “ the best of parents, and my uncer-  
 “ tainty with regard to you. I confess  
 “ I did all I could to banish thoughts  
 “ of love at a time, when, I imagined,  
 “ the affection I had for my father  
 “ ought to stifle every other sentiment.  
 “ I kept my chamber, and saw you as  
 “ little as possible.

“ But,



“ But, good heaven! what did I  
“ feel, when, after losing my ever-  
“ valued parent, and had scarce  
“ brought my sister to life, I be-  
“ held you drop senseless at my feet!  
“ No one can conceive the situation of  
“ my mind. All nature seemed to  
“ sicken; and I could have wished,  
“ at that moment, to have quitted  
“ the world, to free me from the in-  
“ supportable anguish of my mind,  
“ In a few minutes life again quivered  
“ on your lips. A ray of pleasure  
“ took possession of my heart, when I  
“ saw the inimitable beauty of your  
“ face return. You was immediately  
“ conveyed to bed. Lady *Chester*, be-  
“ ing more composed than any of the  
“ rest, attended you. How did your  
“ tender sensibility, if it were possible,  
“ endear you still more to my heart!  
“ But I did not again venture to see  
VOL. II. D “ you,

50      *The History of*

“ you, though I heard you was recovered, and sitting with my sisters.

“ Next day I was informed of the letter your aunt had received, and of your being, unexpectedly, on the morrow, to set out for *London*. I own, madam, the fears of a rival almost distracted me; and what could I do, at a time, when, had I mentioned love, you certainly would, and ought to have despised me? I wrote a line to Lord *Edgar*, who was the only one that knew of my passion. I begged him to attend you to *London*; and, as it was probable your father would ask him to his house, I begged him to bring me word, if there was any gentleman met you on the road, or was at your house, that he could suspect as a lover. He brought me word there was not. My sister *Fanny* tells me you are not engaged.

“gaged. Yet, O Miss *Cathcart* ! What  
“reason have I to expect such beauty,  
“such merit, should fall to my share !  
“But I am unable any longer to bear  
“the rack of suspense.

“My writing on this subject, I fear,  
“you will think unpardonable at a  
“time, when all our family are so  
“deeply afflicted. It will not appear  
“more so, madam, to you, than it  
“does to me. But love, all-powerful  
“love, beats down reason, and I hope,  
“ (yes, madam, I must hope,) from  
“your angelic goodness, will plead my  
“excuse. Duty calls me, at present,  
“to see the last desire of my father ful-  
“filled. I will, in every thing. But, if  
“my dear Miss *Cathcart* would con-  
“descend to give me the most distant  
“hope, I should be more able to go  
“through with it, and would wait,  
“with patience, till a proper time,

52     *The* HISTORY *of*

“ that I could throw myself at her  
“ feet with the approbation of all who  
“ wish my happiness.

“ With a passion, dearest madam,  
“ as lasting as sincere, I subscribe  
“ myself,

“ Your unalterable admirer,

“ H. RENTON.”

Now will my dear Lady *Forrest* ascribe to my vanity the transcribing this passionate epistle. Why should I pretend to be free of a foible so natural to my sex? But, sure, I had not done Sir *Harry* justice, if I had only told you I had received a letter, without letting you see the struggles he has had betwixt grief and fear, duty and love. My dear *Nancy* was quite overjoyed. She read in my face, she said, a letter from Sir *Harry*. She asked me how I intended to behave. I resolved directly  
to



to shew it to my father; at least as soon as he should speak to me about Lord *Darnly*, which, you know, he had told me would be next day.

I waited with impatience. At the same time a childish fear made me tremble every time I expected he was going to begin the subject. He did not use the ceremony of again taking me to his closet. *Nancy* was gone to her mother's; so he sat down in the dining-room, and asked me, if I had considered on what he had been saying.

"Yes, sir," said I, "I have considered; I have got, I have got, (opening my pocket-book) I have got, sir, a letter. There it is; if you please, you may read it." He took it out of my hand; read it through; then returning it—"So, I suppose, *Clarinda*, you prefer Sir *Harry* to Lord *Darnly*?"

A heavy sigh! "I believe," said he,



54     *The HISTORY of*

“ a sigh from one of your sex, when  
 “ asked a question of this kind, means  
 “ Yes. Well, my dear *Clarinda*, (tak-  
 “ ing my hand) I am very glad you  
 “ have so good a reason for rejecting  
 “ Lord *Darnly*. I suppose you have  
 “ had some expectation of this letter.  
 “ If Sir *Harry* is near as good a man  
 “ as his father, by what I have heard  
 “ of his character, you have the prof-  
 “ pect of being very happy. I have  
 “ no ambition, *Clarinda*, more than you  
 “ have, for grandeur. A good man,  
 “ in the station of a gentleman, and a  
 “ moderate fortune, would be as ac-  
 “ ceptable to me for a son-in-law, as  
 “ the first duke in *England*. Sir *Harry*  
 “ is above what you had any title to  
 “ expect; and since he pleases you,  
 “ my dear, I shall acquaint Lord *Darnly*,  
 “ that I understand he has been too  
 “ late. Let me see Sir *Harry's* letter  
 “ again.

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart.* 35

“again”—Reads—“Love has, indeed, a little got the better of him (returning it) but you must certainly write (chucking me under the chin) and give him hope, *Clarinda*.—What say you?”—“I shall write, sir,” replied I, to his sister, Miss *Fanny*. That letter came enclosed in one from her.” “Well, well, *Clarinda*,” returned he, “you best know the punctilios of your sex. I see I need not advise you not to be cruel.”

He went out of the room, and left me as well as could be expected after—After what?—After refusing a young nobleman, and on the point of engaging myself to a knight baronet. Yet, you can’t say I was like the ass between two bundles of hay. I think I have given sufficient proof of the contrary.

But now are you in pain to know how I kept up the dignity of my sex,

by mixing up a pretty conundrum-like letter to poor *Fanny*, to shew her brother; a letter, which he, one minute, would think as much as he could expect in return to a first declaration, and, the next, look on as an absolute refusal. Such a letter, perhaps, I might have wrote; but then it would have cost me some trouble. No, that won't answer. Another! No; both committed to the flames. A third! No; must sleep and wake on it. In short, two or three posts might have passed before I had got it finished to my mind; and what, my dear, might have happened in the time? Poor Sir *Harry* might have taken the lover's leap. (Lord *Darnly*, I suppose, has hanged or drowned himself by this time.) The disconsolate *Clarinda*, unable to bear the stings of her own conscience, or support the loss of *Harry*,  
takes

takes the fly to *Castleton*; and, from the huge rock at the sea-side, which commands a view of the gentlemen's seats many miles round, looks at *Renton Park*, once the seat of joy; takes one look of *Forrest Abbey*; then again to *Renton Park*; beats her breast; then plunges headlong into the sea.

O! all ye maidens! take warning by my fate,  
Keep not your kindness till it is——

O lord, I have no genius for poetry;  
*fate, hate, late; till it is too late.* Yes,  
that will do. By the bye, I believe I  
have read it in some old ballad, but  
would have passed it on myself for my  
own. I can't keep my promise, Lady  
*Forrest*, in being serious; but marriage,  
you know, settles these flights of the head,  
and, I assure you, my letter to *Fanny*  
seems to presage it much; at least I  
think so, but I give you leave to judge.



“ I, *Clarinda Catbcart*, give it under  
“ my hand, that having no pre-engage-  
“ ment, am ready to take Sir *Harry*  
“ *Renton*, baronet, for better and for  
“ worse, as soon as he thinks it con-  
“ venient, and a decent time after his  
“ father’s death ; but not judging pro-  
“ per to write to a young gentleman a  
“ return to his first letter, and being  
“ afraid of bad consequences if I  
“ should wait for another, address  
“ this to Miss *Fanny Renton*, sister to  
“ the abovementioned baronet.”——

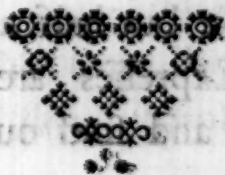
Hush ! Lady *Forrest*, none of your  
exclamations to Sir *Robert*. Though  
the girl, I believe, wrote much to the  
same purpose, I assure you, it was pret-  
tily varnished over with female deli-  
cacy.—You know, *Fanny*, I have no  
engagement ; but you know the duty  
I owe my father : To be sure, I believe  
he will allow me to follow my inclina-  
tions ;

tions; and I should be very ungrateful if I did not reckon myself obliged to Sir *Harry* for the good opinion he has of me; and I am certain my father will be very glad to see any of the family at his house when it is convenient. Now you are pleased, Lady *Forrest*, and pray what's the difference? Why, the difference lies in—the difference. Well, well, if you are pleased, and Sir *Harry* be pleased, *Fanny* and *Nancy* be pleased, that's enough, with the addition of

Your much obliged,

And never better pleased,

CLARINDA CATHCART.



*M/s*

*Miss FLOYD, to Lady FORREST.*

O H! my dear *Lady Forrest!* 'tis impossible to tell you my grief. Our dear *Clarinda!*—(but, I dare say the news has reached you by this time) every one believes, is murdered. Good God! how my hand trembles! I cannot tell you the particulars. Her Cousin *Betsy*, too, what a shocking affair! Mr. *Catbcart*, no wonder, is in the utmost distraction. Mrs. *Roberts* is inconsolable for the loss of her grandchild, the only comfort of her old age. O *Lady Forrest!* you don't know what a friend I have lost in my *Clarinda!* But why do I say so? You knew her as well as I; and how must every one, that knew her but half as well, mourn her loss? Expresses are sent every where, to see and find out the villains.

Sir.

Sir *Harry Renton*, (the sight of him would melt the most obdurate heart—he came to town last night) Lord *Edgar*, and one Mr. *Temple*; they are all gone different ways; but how can we have the least hope? Four days since they went! I don't know what I write. If you have not heard it already, you will know nothing by my incoherent way of writing. Yet I will not attempt to tell you.

You know, I believe (the dear creature having recovered her usual spirits) I was gone home. It was on *Wednesday* morning. She sent me a card, desiring I would go out an airing with her. *Polly* had got the head ach, and was laid down. So I sent her word it was not in my power. It seems she then sent to Mrs. *Roberts*, to ask if she would spare *Betsy*, which the old lady, she says, complied with reluctantly.



luctantly. They set out in one of *Bremner's* post-chaises, with *Allick* attending. About three o'clock *Allick* returned, and asked if his lady was come home. He was answered, no. "Faith, then, said he, I have lost her, but 'tis none of my fault." He told the rest of the servants how he had parted from her; but, as they say, they took very little notice, thinking it was scarce the time she generally returned. Mr. *Cathcart*, in a little time, ringing the bell, *Allick* went and told his master (on his asking for dinner) that Miss *Cathcart* was not yet returned, repeating to him the same story he had told the servants. Mr. *Cathcart* then desired him to tell the house-keeper, that he would wait a quarter of an hour, but that if she did not come in that time, she might send up dinner. Accordingly the time passed, and no word of her.

her. About five o'clock Mr. *Cathcart* began to be a little uneasy, when a message came from Mrs. *Roberts* to enquire for *Betsy*. Mr. *Cathcart*, before this message came, had concluded she was gone to dine with Miss *Roberts*; though he thought it odd she had not sent a message to prevent his waiting. But this message a little alarmed him. He rang again for *Allick*, that he might listen a little more attentively to what he had not given much attention to before.

What *Allick* says is this. On the road to *Islington*, there came up a very genteel young gentleman on horseback, with his arm slung in a crape, who rode up close to the chaise, and made an apology for the freedom of his address; and that he then heard him telling of a poor fellow

fellow that had overturned the chaise he was driving, and that one of the horses had entangled himself so in the harness, that he could not get him loose; that he had been trying to assist the man, but could do little, his right arm being disabled, and, unluckily, he had sent off his servant about ten minutes before, with a message to town. He then begged the ladies would allow their servant to give him a little assistance, which they very readily complied with, and desired the post-boy to drive slow till he should return. The chaise, *Allick* said, was down a little lane off the road. That he found a great deal of difficulty in putting it to rights, and that the gentleman staid all the time, and sometimes assisted with his left hand. After all was got to rights, the gentleman gave *Allick* half a crown, and something, he said, he gave the driver.

driver, who thanked him, said he was a noble gentleman, and wished he was going to drive him through half the world; that he could assure him he had been a post-boy these eighteen years, and had never overturned a chaise before. He then gave *Allick* his hand, thanked him, and asked him to drink a pot of beer; nay, said, for that matter, he would give him a dram, and they would both drink his honour's health. But the gentleman said, that *Allick* had staid already too long away from his ladies. So *Allick* shook hands with the post-boy, and rode along with the gentleman, who enquired his young ladies names, where they lived, and said his young lady (for *Allick* had said he belonged only to the young lady in blue) was very handsome. When they came to a division of the road, *Allick* stopped, and said, he did not know which



66 *The HISTORY of*

which road to take. The gentleman asked what place they were going to. *Allick* said he did not know, they were only come out on an airing. The gentleman then took out his watch, said he supposed the ladies had returned home, and expressed his sorrow that he had not an opportunity to thank them for so readily allowing him to assist the post-boy, desired him to offer them his respectful compliments, and then rode off. *Allick* added, that he had no fear of his lady, but galloped home, that he might be in time to serve at table.

Now, my dear Lady *Forrest*, what can be drawn from this account? Whether to think this has been a villain in the pretended gentleman assisting his associates, or that some villain, lurking about, has taken the advantage of the servants absence, who can tell? Nor,  
indeed,

indeed, is it material, since they have certainly met with some sort of villainy. *Bremner* has the description of the post-boy and horses put in the news papers. I hope, in time, they will be found out, and the fellows suffer for their terrible crime. But, Oh, Lady *Forrest*, do you think it is possible that our dear *Clarinda* and Miss *Roberts* will ever be got safe? Do you know there was a thought came into my head, but my mother will not allow me to mention it. I must, though, to you in confidence. It gives me some little hope. Lord *Darnly*! What if he has run off with her! Though it would be a villainous contrivance, yet one would have some more hope, than if she had fallen into the hands of common robbers. My mother says this thought proceeds from my reading novels, and that she would not for the world that

I should

I should hint at such a thing of any gentleman. But, my dear Lady *Forrest*, don't you think there is a possibility of this? If you do, as you have nobody to controul you, I think you may easily get enquiry made if his lordship be in *London*. But what do I say! He may be in *London*, and have them confined somewhere. I sent for *Allick* just now to ask if he thought he should know the gentleman; but, stupid fellow! he said, Yes, that's what he could; and then added, "That is to say, if I met him on the same horse with his arm slung in the crape." He is sure, he says, the gentleman was a good honest gentleman, and, he could answer for it, knows nothing of his lady. I cannot say I am of the same opinion with *Allick*; for I think it was very odd in a gentleman to be on horse-back with his right arm disabled,

abled, and especially to send off his servant.

How confused my head! and my heart is continually beating. Every knock at the door alarms me. But I will send off this. Perhaps Sir *Robert* may think of something to be done, which has not yet been thought on. All that are already engaged, seem, I think, unable to judge calmly. Oh, Lady *Forrest!* may God send us some good news of our dear *Clarinda*, (he can bring light out of darkness) prays

Your afflicted Friend,

NANCY FLOYD.



*Lady*



*Lady FORREST, to Miss FLOYD.*

O H, my dearest *Nancy*, how may we sympathize with one another! I had heard the alarming news before I received yours. Captain *Renton* had been here, and begged me, for God's sake, to go with him to his mother and sisters. It seems every one of the family are now acquainted with Sir *Harry's* passion, and all approve of his choice. I went with him directly in the chariot. Sir *Robert* was gone out. You, my dear *Nancy*, can easily imagine what I felt, and still feel, for our dear friend. Good God! Who could have the heart to hurt her! I think it impossible to be robbers; for what money could they have about them that could induce them to murder two young creatures, who, undoubtedly,

edly, would have given them their watches and money without any resistance? It may be romantic, but I can't help thinking it is some one or other that has no murderous intention. Yet Lord *Darnly* it cannot be; for Sir *Robert* dined with Sir *Lodovic Lindsay* two or three days before this unlucky affair happened, who had just come from seeing Lord *Darnly* aboard the Packet Boat at *Dover*, in his way to *Paris*, where he proposes spending the winter.

I found Lady *Renton* and her family in the greatest grief. She is of the same opinion with us, though an old woman, and, I dare say, no reader of novels. She is in the utmost terror that her son is engaged in a quarrel. Mrs. *Catbcart* had not been acquainted with it when I went; but bad news soon flies: she has heard it now, though  
it

it was intended to have been kept secret from her. Mr. *Cathcart*, it seems, had wrote a confused letter to Sir *Harry*; but the man that came express, told the story in the same way you write it. He had got it all from the servants. Miss *Renton* and Miss *Fanny* are continually in tears; but I suppose the danger Sir *Harry* is in, is what most affects them, as it cannot be supposed they can know the value of Miss *Cathcart* as we do, who have been so long her bosom friends. Sir *Robert* will deliver you this. Captain *Renton*, Mr. *Hope*, and he are all going to town directly. If there be no light got into the affair, they say they will think of some new scheme, but that they cannot do it here, as they don't know what is done already.

God send us good accounts of our dear friend! I have great hopes, *Nancy*. Sir *Robert* is ready.      Adieu.

S. FORREST.

Miss FLOYD, to Lady FORREST.

NO accounts yet we can make any thing of. A thousand stories are told, all equally ridiculous. I was terribly alarmed this morning.

Yesterday our *Robert* said to me, "If my lady would allow me, madam, "to go in search of Miss *Catbcart*, I "should think it very strange if I did "not get some accounts of her. I once," said he, "served at an inn on the "*Islington* road, and I am acquainted "with I can't tell how many post-boys "that come and go that way; and I "am sure there are some of them "would tell me the greatest secret they "have."

"Well," says I, "*Robert*, I don't "doubt of getting my mother's permission;" and, in order to make  
VOL. II. E him



him diligent, I told him I would give him two guineas, if he brought me any account. Besides, he might be certain, if he got any secret out of any one, concerning Miss *Cuthcart* and Miss *Roberts*, he might assure them that it would go a great way towards making both their fortunes: that is to say, if he brought good accounts; but that, at any rate, he might be sure of being well rewarded. *Robert* said he should think himself sufficiently rewarded to have the good fortune to bring good accounts of two such valuable young ladies.

My mother very readily agreed to his going. Had there not been such numbers gone both on *Clarinda's* account, and Miss *Roberts's*, I should have thought of sending *Robert*, before he informed me of his numerous acquaintance on the *Islington* road. Well, my

*Miss Clarinda Cathcart.* 73

my dear, this morning, as were sitting at breakfast, *Bridget* came into the room. "Madam," said she, "*Robert* "is returned, and brought word about "*Miss Cathcart*." Her face was enough to alarm me. I dropped the tea-cup, and was unable to say a word. *Robert* appeared with a face as rueful (*Polly* says, for I was past seeing him) as if he had seen a ghost. "I am "sorry, madam," said he, "to be the "messenger of bad news, but it is need- "less to keep it secret. *Miss Cathcart* "is certainly murdered. I have the "man down in the kitchen." "What! "the murderer?" says my mother. Observing me quite pale, she desired him to go down stairs. After she had brought me a little to myself, she left *Polly* with me, and went down to examine *Robert* and the murderer. Oh, *Lady Forrest*! how can I write in this

way! But, upon my word, my still being prepossessed with the hopes of good news, I can't help laughing when I think on the ignorance and superstition of these fellows. My mother returned smiling. "You need not have been so alarmed, *Nancy*," said she; "for all *Robert's* account, you may hope as much as ever. He has brought a great gaping man with him, who says, he dreamed a dream on *Tuesday* night,—he was sure it was on *Tuesday*, by several tokens.—I desired him to go on without giving the tokens." "Well, my lady," said he, "I dreamed that I saw, that I thought I saw, that is to say, I saw her in my sleep, a beautiful young lady, all dressed in white. She was held by two ruffinish-like men, and another ruffinish-like man with a drawn dagger, (Oh, it makes my hair

“hair all bristle yet) stood before her,  
“and, with a terrible voice, said, De-  
“liver your purse, or you are a dead  
“woman. The lady, I thought,  
“looked about with a pitiful face,  
“and, seeing me, said, Good young  
“man, endeavour to save a wretched  
“lady, and your fortune shall be made.  
“I having, as I thought, a pitchfork  
“in my hand, called out, If there  
“were twenty more, I would kill them.  
“I flew, my lady, out of my bed, and,  
“mother-naked, (begging your lady-  
“ship’s pardon) run to the stable-  
“door, where I knocked my head  
“against the bolt, which awaked me.  
“I was quite confounded: Stirred not  
“till I thought I heard the cry of  
“murder; it was a lady’s voice, I am  
“sure; but what, thought I, can my  
“single arm do? So I e’en grappled  
“my way back to my bed. When



78 *The HISTORY of*

“*Robert* came yesterday, and told me  
 “about the lady. To be sure, says I,  
 “it has been the very same lady, and  
 “says he, to be sure it must have been  
 “the same. But your ladyship knows  
 “I could do nothing. If *Robert* had  
 “been with me, we might have ven-  
 “tured our lives to save the young  
 “lady, and made our fortune. But  
 “you know, my lady”—My mother  
 said, “I see you have most cou-  
 “rage when you are asleep,” then  
 gave him a crown, and wished him  
 well home. Thus ended my terrible  
 alarm, the fruits of *Robert’s* sagacious  
 search.

But, oh, Lady *Forrest*, what  
 must our dear *Clarinda* be suffering,  
 and Miss *Roberts*, supposing the best  
 that can be supposed! Sometimes  
 I represent her to myself—Rejoice  
 with

with me, Lady *Forrest*! rejoice! She is alive, safe and well! Both well! Oh, may we be ever thankful for so great a mercy! *Allick* came here half frantic. His master had got a letter. I hurried on my capouchin, and flew like lightning. I was terribly afraid, that *Allick's* joyful countenance might proceed from as little as *Robert's* grievous one; for all he could tell me was, his master had got a letter, and that his lady was alive, but whether the letter came from his lady or not, he could not tell. He had hurried, he said, to be the first to tell me the news.

When I came to Mr. *Cathcart's*, all the servants came running about me. "O madam! God be thanked! Our young lady is found! My master is gone himself to tell Mrs. *Roberts*." "Where is she, Mrs. *Lenox*?" said I.

"Has she wrote herself?" "No, ma-  
"dam," answered she, "she has not wrote  
"herself: She is in *Scotland*. A *Scotch*  
"gentleman writes, my master says, that  
"she is in good hands." "Well, God  
"be thanked," said I. "Mrs. *Lenox*,  
"I must go, and get the particulars  
"from your master." So full speed I  
set out for Mrs. *Roberts's*. You know,  
it is but a little way. Oh, my dear  
Lady *Forrest*, I think I shall never for-  
get! When Mrs. *Roberts's* maid opened  
the room-door, I ran forward, and Mr.  
*Cathcart* caught me in his arms. "Oh,  
"my dear *Nancy*," said he, "how  
"happy am I to see you, now your  
"dear friend is found!" and the tears  
rushed into his eyes. I could not  
speak. I sat down. Mrs. *Roberts* was  
in tears of joy, though surprisingly  
composed. "Well," said she, "Miss  
"Floyd,

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart.* 81

"*Floyd*, I shall be blessed with my  
" dear child again; I shall end my  
" days, I hope, in peace and quietness,  
" when I thought my grey hairs would  
" have gone down with sorrow to the  
" grave." Mr. *Cathcart* gave me the  
letter, and allowed me to bring it  
home. I here transcribe it for your  
perusal.

*Mr. DOUGLAS, to Mr. CATHCART.*

" SIR,

" Though I have not the happiness  
" of your acquaintance, I believe my  
" letter will meet with a very favour-  
" able reception without any apology.  
" I have the pleasure to acquaint you,  
" that your daughter and Miss *Roberts*



“are both safe and well at my house,  
“where my wife and daughters will do  
“all that lies in their power to make  
“this place agreeable to them, till  
“you, or any of their relations, come  
“to escort them home. I believe they  
“won’t trust themselves again without  
“a protector. They have been both  
“more afraid than hurt, though your  
“daughter seems to have charming  
“spirits. I tell her I am always master  
“of my own family; yet I could  
“scarce get her commanded to defer  
“writing till next post; but I think I  
“brought her to obedience at last, by  
“telling her I would immediately send  
“her to *Glasgow*, to be nurse to Lord  
“*Darnly*, while confined with his bro-  
“ken leg, which he has got on her ac-  
“count, if she did not quietly allow  
“me to be the first to give you the  
“news of her safety.

“I shall

“ I shall leave her to write the par-  
 “ ticulars herself, since, if I do not  
 “ mistake, she is a keen scribbler. I  
 “ would have given myself the plea-  
 “ sure, though an old fellow, to have  
 “ escorted my pretty damsels home.  
 “ But, sir, my old wife *Bess*, who,  
 “ perhaps, sometimes, like other wives,  
 “ is a little cross, did not care to trust  
 “ me with two *sic* lasses. So, you  
 “ know, one would not chuse, in the  
 “ decline of life, to make a moor burn,  
 “ but would rather deny one’s self a  
 “ little pleasure. We have some young  
 “ fellows here, that would be glad to  
 “ tend their service; but I am deter-  
 “ mined the great *Goliath*, were he  
 “ alive, should not get them out of  
 “ my hands, without your order. Miss  
 “ *Roberts* begs you will acquaint her  
 “ friends, that she is safe. My girls  
 “ say they won’t part with them till  
 E 6 “ they

“ they have them at *Glasgow, auld Reeky*,  
 “ and God knows where; but not a foot  
 “ shall they stir, till I hear from you.  
 “ My old wife says, she should be glad  
 “ to see you at *Parkly*; so shall I, and  
 “ will promise you a piece of as good  
 “ beef as you have in *England*, and a  
 “ glass of the best old claret in *Cbri-*  
 “ *stendom*. In hopes of being better  
 “ acquainted, I am, dear Sir,

“ Your Friend, and Well-wisher,

“ JAMES DOUGLAS.”

What would I give, Lady *Forrest*,  
 that you and I were drinking a glass of  
 this honest man's claret! I almost envy  
*Betsy*, now when all is thought happily  
 over. Yet, what if Sir *Harry* and  
 Lord *Darnly* quarrel! I was so over-  
 joyed, that I had not, till this moment,  
 considered the danger. My dear Lady  
*Forrest*, you must get Sir *Robert* to go  
between

between them; and see it made up. Our joy would be turned into mourning, should any thing of that kind happen. Heaven forbid! What way has the wretch got his leg broke? God forgive me! I had almost wished it had been his neck. I shall long for next post, to hear the particulars. I hope she will write to me.

Mr. *Cathcart* has ordered it to be put in the papers, "That the chaise and horses, that were advertised, are found." It seems this was agreed on, that all, who are in search, may return. It will be a happy meeting. I suppose some of them will go post to *Scotland*, along with Mr. *Cathcart*. He is to wait a day or two on Sir *Harry*. I wish Sir *Robert* would go. I am terribly afraid of Lord *Darnly*. This comes express along with letters from Mr. *Cathcart* to Lady *Renton*, and

Mrs.



*Mrs. Catcart.* I have not time to add any more. I know you will equally rejoice with;

Yours, to command,

NANCY FLOYD.



*Miss* CATHCART, to *Miss* FLOYD.

**D**EAD and alive again, lost and found, is your *Clarinda*. O *Nancy*! What a happy creature should I be, if it were not for two things. Plague on these *ifs*; they will always stumble in the way of us mortals. First, if I was certain that all my friends were well, and had not taken my danger so much to heart, as to affect their health; and next, if I were certain, that the man, you think I love best, and the man I think I dislike

like most, would never be within gunshot of one another. How impatient; I know, you will be, to hear my strange adventures! Perhaps, if I had not *Betsy* with me, who, being an honest, artless girl, might contradict me, I would have given you a little dash of the wonderful. But as that is the case, I must content myself with giving you the plain truth unvarnished. And yet what a pity it is! for, with a very little addition, I might be recorded, in after-ages, as a heroine. Well, take it from my honest pen, as it is.

As soon as the very humane gentleman (who, I suppose, you have heard of) got the servant of the humane *Clarinda* to assist the poor fellow, who had unluckily overturned his chaise, the faithful post-boy alighted, and said there was something wrong about the wheels of the chaise. “Had not we  
“ best

“best come out?” said I. “Yes,”  
“madam,” said he; “you had best;”  
and coming up to the side where *Betsy*  
was sitting, opened the chaise door, and  
out she jumped. I was just going to  
follow, when Lord *Darnly* stepped in.  
Taking my hand, and pushing me to  
the other side, he said, “No danger,  
“madam, I assure you: *Jack*, take  
“care of the other lady.” Off flew  
the horses like lightning, without my  
giving a scream. Confounded and  
amazed, incapable of thought was the  
divine *Clarinda*, till a mere earthly beau  
put her in mind of her divinity. “Di-  
“vine creature!” said he, taking my  
hand, and looking as if I had the  
power of the Pope to give him absolu-  
tion, “Can you, will you forgive me?  
“By heaven, the whole business of my  
“life shall”—“Unhand me, my lord,”  
said I. “My God! in what light have you  
“looked..

“looked on me, that you could dare to  
“commit such an outrage! But know, sir,  
“I am above being overcome by fear,  
“as I am above being flattered into  
“a meanness, which, if you have the  
“least spark of honour, you would de-  
“spise me for having.”—“You mis-  
“take me, dearest creature,” said he,  
“my intentions are honourable.”——  
“Honourable! my lord!” answered I;  
“Can it be honourable to take away a  
“young creature by force, whom you  
“have no right to? Is it honourable to  
“frighten my father and friends by  
“my supposed danger? To frighten  
“my cousin? (and I burst into tears,  
“in spite of my heroism) Where is  
“she? Tell me, my lord.”—

“Compose yourself,” returned he,  
“my dearest angel. If you will con-  
“sent to be mine, I will write this  
“night to your father, and let him  
“know.”



“know you are safe, and that, in a  
“few days, we will throw ourselves at  
“his feet, and ask his blessing. The  
“young lady, who was along with  
“you, is with a gentleman, a relation  
“of mine, who will take care of her.  
“She shall be present at the ceremony.  
“No rudeness is intended: I give you  
“my honour”——“And could you,  
“sir,” said I, looking at him with con-  
tempt, “could you be mean enough;  
“to marry a woman, who, you have  
“heard, has given her heart, and pro-  
“mise to another? What could you  
“expect from her, who would, by per-  
“suasion, consent to marry you in such  
“a situation?” “Don’t you think,”  
said he, “we should be a very happy,  
“honourable couple?” “No, sir,”  
replied I; “whatever mean opinion  
“you have of the simplicity of my  
“sex, there are many of us, who know  
“the

“the extent of honour, and can act  
“up to that knowledge, which, if your  
“lordship persists in keeping me from  
“the protection of my friends, you  
“cannot boast.”—“I have gone too  
“far, madam,” replied he, now, to  
“draw back.”—“No, my lord,” re-  
turned I, “it is more meritorious to  
“stop in the midst of a bad design,  
“and confess the fault, than even not to  
“have erred. Take me back to my  
“friends, and I will not only forgive you,  
“but rank you in the number of them;  
“more, for your own sake, you ought  
“not to wish for.” “You reason,”  
replied he, “my dearest creature, like  
“an angel; but I had rather die than  
“part with you.”—“Then, my lord,”  
said I, “dread the consequence.”—  
We were silent for some time, one of  
his arms about my waist, the other  
hand holding his head as in deep  
thought.

thought. I attempted not to scream to any one I saw passing; the chaise driving at such a rate, I saw it would be to no purpose. I thought I read some remorse in his silence, and hoped more from that than from any feeble attempts of mine, to get assistance from strangers.—In about three hours we stopped in the middle of a common. “Don’t be afraid,” said he; “we are only to go into another chaise with fresh horses.” I was silent. He would have taken my hand. I pushed him from me with disdain, and jumped out. I looked round, but could see nobody but some straggling poor people, who would have bowed at the shadow of a lord. It was in vain to think of resistance, or assistance, at this time; so went into the chaise, my companion again placed kindly by my side.—  
“When am I to see Miss *Roberts*?”  
said

said I.—“ My dearest angel,” replied he, “ you will see her in the evening.” We drove slow over the common. In the chaise there was wine and cake, which my swain begged I would not be so cruel as to refuse to partake of. I considered with myself I should have occasion for all my courage; so obliged him with eating a little cake; but I was too deep read in novels, *Nancy*, to venture to take any of his wine. It is needless for me to tell you of the many broken sentences, prayers, and squeezes of my lord; or of the pushes, disdainful looks, and tears of your *Clarinda*.

About eleven o'clock we arrived at a very handsome seat, surrounded by trees. A middle-aged, ugly-looking woman met us at the door (a Mrs. *Jewke's*, I suppose.) “ Your lordship “ is rather later than I expected,” said she.



she. "Take care, madam," my foot having near slipped.—"No fear," said I; "and pray, what honourable post have you from my lord? I hope his lordship's generosity is equal to his honour."—"Generosity and honour, madam," said my lord, "may both be abused."—A fool's, and a weak woman's bolt is soon shot, *Nancy*; I was silent.—The woman mumbled something to herself, and conducted us into the parlour. His lordship, impatient to worship his divinity, prostrated himself at her feet, and implored her compassion. The door opened, and presently there appeared another knight-errant, with my *Betsy*. I sprang up, overturned my lord in the midst of his devotion, and ran and caught her in my arms. The dear girl was trembling, and in tears. His lordship said, he would leave us a little  
by

by ourselves; hoped Miss *Roberts* would be so generous as to stand his friend; and swore no woman in *England* should be happier than me, if it was not my own fault.—My lord and his squire went out—Oh, *Betsy!* Oh, *Clarinda!* was all we could say for some minutes.—At last, I told her all that had passed since we parted, just as I have told you, only in a more melancholy way, than perhaps you imagine by my way of writing.

She informed me, that after coming out of the chaise from me, when she saw a man jump in, and drive off, she gave a loud scream. Soon after her squire made up to her, and, with a respectful bow, said, he hoped she would excuse him acting the part he did, to oblige a relation, and friend, whom he had a great value for; told her that the gentleman she had seen

go

go into the chaise was Lord *Darnly*, who, he hoped, now he had an opportunity, would get Miss *Catcart* persuaded to consent to her own happiness.—“Allow me, madam,” said he, lifting her in his arms, “to place you “in this chaise (which was immediately behind ours;) I give you my word of “honour, no rudeness shall be offered “to either of you.” Such wretches, *Nancy*, to talk of honour! She struggled, she screamed, she said, to no purpose. At last she began to reason with him, but equally in vain. Our chaise was never out of sight of theirs, till they came to the before-mentioned common, where they stopped, as we had done, and went into another chaise. She was terrified almost out of her wits, when she lost sight of us, but revived on seeing us again at the end of the common. She did not lose sight of

us

us again till it grew dark.—She had scarcely given me the particulars, when his lordship made his appearance, and begged our company to supper. I thought it needless to refuse.—“ I will follow you, my lord,” said I, taking *Betsy* by the hand; “ your lordship has taken a great deal of needless trouble; for I still think you are too much of a gentleman not to see us safe home, when you find me fixed in my resolution of never being yours.” “ Come, my angel, to supper,” returned he, offering to take my hand; “ allow me the honour.” — “ No, my lord,” said I, drawing back, “ not till you say I am free, and that Miss *Roberts* and I are at liberty to go to our friends.” “ You said, madam, you would follow,” replied he; and then added, taking up one of the candles, “ I shall

VOL. II. F “ have



98      *The HISTORY of*

“have the honour, at least, to shew  
 “you the way.” We followed him  
 “and the footman, who were ready at  
 “the door to light us up stairs.

When we entered the dining-room,  
 whom should we see with *Betsy's*  
 squire, but the very humane gentle-  
 man who I had allowed *Allick* to assist  
 in his charitable office! I suppose he  
 thought we should not know him, for  
 he had altered his dress, and had now  
 no occasion for his arm being hung  
 in a sling.—“I am extremely happy,  
 “madam,” said he, as I came in, “to  
 “have the pleasure of seeing a lady”—  
 “Whom you have seen before,” said  
 I, with a contemptuous look, which  
 convinced him I knew him.—“I hope,  
 “madam,” said he, “you will have  
 “the generosity to forgive an innocent  
 “artifice.”—“A Beaux Stratagem,”  
 said I; “his lordship, I dare say, will  
 “be

“be your humble servant in return;  
“though, perhaps, his title and fortune put him above that, as it has  
“given him two women and two  
“beaus to command. The first he  
“has pressed into his service; so finds  
“a little obstinate. The last, I suppose, being volunteers, will have  
“both pleasure and profit.”—“You  
“are very severe, madam,” added he;  
“but I hope we shall be better friends,  
“when we are more acquainted.”

I was placed, you may be sure, at the head of the table, his lordship at my side. We had an elegant supper. But you may easily imagine neither *Betsy* or I was much disposed to eat. However, I took a bit of chicken, and a little ice cream. My lord asked me to hob or nob.—“A glass of water, “if you please,” said I.—“I hope,” replied he, “you don’t intend, ladies,

100 *The HISTORY of*

“to drink nothing but water?”——  
 “Nothing else,” replied I.—My lord  
 said, he saw plainly I had a worse  
 opinion of him than he deserved; but  
 time, he hoped, would convince me  
 how much I wronged him.—I wished  
 it might. When the glasses were plac-  
 ing on the table, I hoped, I said, we  
 might retire. My lord, in spite of me,  
 took my hand, kissed it, and said, he  
 would not detain me; but hoped we  
 would be ready, early in the morning,  
 to proceed on our journey. “Home,  
 “my lord?” said I.—“No, my an-  
 “gel,” returned he. You see I will  
 “not deceive you.” He rang the bell  
 for Mrs. *Brett*, as I think he called her.  
 “Shew the ladies to their bed-cham-  
 “bers,” said he. “One will serve  
 “us,” observed I, “Mrs. *Brett*.”  
 “As your ladyship pleases,” said  
 she.

We

We were conducted into a very handsome bed-chamber furnished with crimson damask; on the same floor were an elegant dressing-room and toilet. Mrs. *Brett* offered her service in undressing us. I thanked her, and said, we would undress one another.—“Have you any other commands?” said she.—“Not any,” returned I.—So, *exit Mrs. Brett.*

We took care that all the windows were fastened, bolted every door, and looked into every corner of the room to see there was nobody concealed there. Having made every thing secure, we sat down, and began to consult what was to be done, or where we could guess we were next to be carried to. Would you believe it? We cried and laughed, by turns, at the oddness of our situation. I was glad, I said, we were going out of this retired place,



where we could have no prospect of seeing any one but his lordship's dependents; for I was persuaded this seat belonged to him. We agreed it was best to appear as easy as possible, till either of us could see a proper opportunity of asking the assistance of any one, whom, by their appearance, we might think it likely to give us protection. I began to think, *Nancy*, I was destined for a heroine, and wanted, of all things, to act up to the character. I could think of no scheme of my own invention, likely to relieve us. At last I fixed on one that had succeeded with a sister in romance, I forget whom—I rummaged my pocket, and found a blank cover; so taking out my pencil, I wrote the following words, without telling *Betsy* what I meant, till it was finished.

“ Sir,

“ Sir, or, Madam,

“ The writer of this is a young  
“ lady, carried away by stratagem,  
“ and detained by force, by a young  
“ nobleman she detests. If the person,  
“ whose hand this is given into, will  
“ either acquaint Mr. *Cathcart*, banker,  
“ in the *Strand*, or take any other me-  
“ thod to free her, and another young  
“ lady, who is likewise detained, they  
“ will be doing a meritorious action,  
“ which will be thankfully acknow-  
“ ledged; and if not in a station above  
“ accepting a reward, she promises to  
“ pay to that person one hundred  
“ pounds the next day after she is  
“ safe arrived at her father's house.

“ Subscribed,

“ CLARINDA CATHCART.”

I gave it to *Betsy*, who approved of  
it vastly, and agreed it would be best

not to give it to any one, till we were come to a place where we supposed they intended us to continue. We then went to bed tolerably composed, though without taking off our cloaths, in case of accidents. We endeavoured to sleep, but in vain. The uneasiness my father would be in on my account, and a thousand other thoughts, kept me awake. *Betsy*, terrified that her absence might kill her grandmother, and being as ill pleased with her swain as I was with mine, could not shut her eyes. We, therefore, gave up attempting it, and continued talking, till Mrs. *Brett* knocked at our door, and informed us breakfast was ready. We were as impatient to get to the end of our journey as my lord, so did not keep them waiting. As soon as we opened our door, his lordship was ready to pay us the compliments of the morning.

morning. But I will not draw my letter into a tiresome length by repeating the trifling conversation at breakfast; nor, indeed, of what passed all day, as it consisted wholly in repetitions of the day before. We changed chaises three times, but never at any house. God knows how he had them always so ready, and in bye roads too.

This evening, about the same time that we arrived at Mrs. *Brett's* the night before, we got to a small neat house at the end of a wood. We were received by an old maiden-like gentlewoman, about fifty, as prim as you please. She told his lordship, with a pretty smile, and a lisp, that all was ready as his lordship had ordered. We were conducted into a small parlour, where my lord made many apologies for the house not having such good accommodations as he



could have wished. I made him little answer. *Betsy* appeared in about ten minutes. We had the same company at supper we had the night before. *Mr. Smith*, who, the preceding day, had performed the part of an invalid, I understood, had, this day, undertook the part of *Mercury*, and was at *Miss Falconer's* (the name of this formal dame) two hours before us.

*Miss Falconer* shewed us to our bed-chamber, which was very neat, though not elegant. She wished us good night with as many curtsies as a pretty little miss newly come from a boarding-school. We took the same precautions we did the night before; went to bed, and fell sound asleep. Neither of us awaked, till *Miss Falconer* knocked at the door; then starting up, rubbed our eyes, put on our head-dress, and went down to breakfast. I am in  
haste;

haste, *Nancy*, to bring you to the eve of the fourth day; so will pass over the third, nothing material happening. But here is Miss *Douglas*, desiring me to come to dinner; so, I must have patience till I return.

I take up my pen. Imagine us driving this day, as if life and death depended on a moment. We were in the fourth chaise, when it began to turn dark; and I don't know how it was, but I was more afraid than I had been, since the first moment my lord had drove off with me. My spirits were quite sunk at the thoughts of the great distance I was from every one I held dear, except *Betsy*; and indeed, I believe it was owing to her being so near me, that I was not frightened out of my senses.

We had got to the foot of a mountain, with a kind of ditch on one side,

when one of the horses startling, overturned the chaise, in a moment, in the ditch. My lord was under me. I gave a loud scream, and held him as fast as I could. His servant immediately came to our assistance. The ditch being dry, he got into it, and, with little difficulty, pulled me out of the chaise. In the mean time his lordship was damning the post-boy, and swearing his leg was broke. The servant knew not what to do. To pull out his lordship with a broken leg was no easy matter. I stood trembling, and looking if I could see any way to make my escape, when appeared in view a coach and six. My heart leapt to my mouth for joy. My lord, cursing and groaning by turns, was told by the post-boy, there was assistance near, for he saw a coach and six.—“Damn  
“ your coach and six,” said his lordship,  
“ then

“then I am undone. Where’s that  
“damn’d lubberly fellow, *Smith*?  
“and that fauntering son of a bitch,  
“*Burnet*? I am utterly ruined. O  
“God! my leg! *Martin*, a hundred  
“guineas shall be your reward, if you  
“will ride off with the lady.” “Help!  
“murder! help! for God’s sake!”  
screamed the now thoroughly affrighted  
*Clarinda*. *Martin* had just got his  
hand clapped on my mouth, and was  
pulling me to the other side of the  
ditch, when one of the servants, at-  
tending the coach and six, seeing him,  
called out, “Let the lady go, you  
“scoundrel, or I’ll blow your brains  
“out.” In a moment the coach was  
up with us, and *Martin*, by this time,  
was the prisoner of Captain *Friendly*’s  
servant, who had leaped off his horse,  
and held him by the collar. Captain  
*Friendly*, *Nancy*, I dare say, you will  
remember



remember to have heard me mention, though at that time I had never seen him more than you. The captain and one Mr. *Bruce* leapt out of the coach, and immediately came up to me. They imagined *Martin* to be a highwayman, who had robbed us, and that the chaise had been overturned in the scuffle. Mr. *Douglas*, who was on horseback, went up to my lord, and when he heard his leg was broke, sent off his man express to *Glasgow* (which was within a mile of this place) for assistance. His lordship thought proper not to mention a word about me to Mr. *Douglas*, who desired him not to be uneasy about the young lady, for that she should be taken care of, and conducted where she directed. His lordship groaned, but said not a word.

The captain and Mr. *Bruce* were assisting me to get up to the coach, when

when the sight of the chaise with *Betsy*, as it were, brought me to life. "O my God!" said I, to the gentlemen, "leave me, and rescue the lady in that chaise, and I shall be happy indeed." The two Miss *Douglas's*, by this time, were come out of the coach, and were expressing how lucky they had been in coming up at such a critical juncture. (Still they imagined we had been robbed) I believe they all thought the fright had affected my senses, when I called out to rescue another lady, who appeared, to them, to be in no danger. But they were soon undeceived on seeing the chaise near. I would not move a foot; but said, "Oh, ladies! Oh, gentlemen! you don't know the particulars—Stop, stop that chaise, for God's sake!" Captain *Friendly*, "turning about, ran in before the chaise, and called out, Stop! "For  
" what,

“what, and be damn’d?” called out *Burnet*, at one side of the chaise. “Help! for God’s sake!” screamed out *Betsy* on the other. “There is a gentleman has broke his leg,” said the captain, “we want assistance.” — “Damn the gentleman,” returned the other, “what assistance can I give him? I am none of the tribe of bone-setters. You frighten the lady, Sir — “Boy, drive on, and be damn’d.” — “No, no,” screamed *Betsy*; “No, no,” screamed *Clarinda*. “Proceed on your peril,” said the captain to the post-boy. *Burnet*, I suppose, terrified at the peremptory manner in which the captain spoke, jumped out, and very quietly enquired where the gentleman was who had met with the misfortune. The captain returned him no answer, but handed out *Betsy*, who, not having seen me, was praying she might not fall  
into

into worse hands than those she was going to be freed from. Judge her surprise and joy, when I ran to her, and got her in my arms. The Miss *Douglas's* were amazed. The captain, Mr. *Bruce*, and they attended us to the coach, where Mrs. *Douglas* was sitting impatient to know the particulars of this strange confusion. It was some time before either of us could attempt to satisfy them. At last *Betsy* told it tolerably distinct. All expressed their wonder and happiness at coming to our relief. During this time the coach was standing still. Mr. *Douglas*, the servants, and a croud of people had gathered about my lord. *Martin* and *Burnet* were ordered, by the captain, to be kept prisoners. His lordship was got out of the chaise, and was groaning at the foot of the mountain. It was almost dark, when a surgeon, not know-

ing



ing the dignity of his patient, sent two fellows with a feather-bed, placed on a vehicle like a barrow, to convey into *Glasgow*, the distressed peer. I really pitied him sincerely, *Nancy*, when I heard his cries as they laid him on the carriage. We waited till we saw him carried away in procession; *Burnet* and *Martin* walking behind, Captain *Friendly's* servant and Mr. *Bruce's* escorting them, and followed by a mob. The captain and Mr. *Bruce* took Mr. *Burnet's* chaise, and then did we set out for *Parkly*.

The Miss *Douglas's* mentioned Captain *Friendly* several times, during our little journey. The hurry of my spirits, prevented my taking any notice at first; but, on their saying the captain would be quite happy in having rescued two ladies of his own country, I asked what place in *England* he came from.

from. They told me from *Yorkshire*.  
 "Bless me," said I, "can it be possi-  
 "ble he is the son of Mr. *Friendly*  
 "of——" The very same," said Miss  
*Douglas*. "He is the son, then," said  
 I, "of a worthy man, who, I am cer-  
 "tain, will be very happy to hear the  
 "captain has rescued my cousin and  
 "me."

We reached *Parkly* in about three  
 quarters of an hour. The gentlemen  
 were arrived before us, and were  
 ready to hand us out of the coach.  
 The captain had told Mr. *Douglas*, by  
 this time, the particulars of what *Betsy*  
 had told them.

As soon as we got up to the dining-  
 room, Mr. *Douglas*, in a comical frank  
 way, said, he must have six kisses from  
 each of us before he would welcome  
 us to *Parkly*; and that if we did not  
 comply, he would get a barrow and  
 send

send us after the lame peer, who, he understood, would give him a hundred guineas reward. "What say you, *Bruce*, are not a hundred guineas a great sum for a poor Scotsman to give up, for a dozen kisses?" "I am like to be a poor reduced officer," said the captain, "yet I will undertake to protect the ladies." "Ay, ay," said Mr. *Douglas*, "you'll have little else to do, I hope, soon: But take care, ladies, he is as dangerous as my lord; I would not trust my daughter with him, you see, without going with them myself." "Well, Sir," said I, "I consent to give you the six kisses, and put myself under your protection." "Will you?" said he, "taking the kisses, one, two, three, four, five, six."

"And proud of being your guardian, I,  
 "To take you frae me, a' the deels defy."

"What

Mifs Clarinda Cathcart. 117

“What say you, (to Betsy) are you  
“for the captain, or an honest *auld*  
“Scotsman?” “I put myself, Sir,”  
said she, “under your protection.”  
(Kisses her.) “What say you now,  
“captain? You red-coats are so vain,  
“you think *ilka bony* lass ready to fly  
“into your arms. Now, here *are twa*  
“*as bony* lasses as *ane* would wish to  
“see in a summer’s day; and they pre-  
“fer *auld* father *Douglas* to you.”  
“I see Sir,” said the captain, “what  
“it is to be on the point of being re-  
“duced.” But,” said Mifs *Douglas*,  
“do you know, captain, that this  
“lady is acquainted with your fa-  
“ther?” The captain bowing, said,  
“I dont remember, madam, of having  
“the pleasure of seeing you before.”—  
“No, Sir,” returned I, “I don’t think  
“you ever did. My acquaintance  
“with your father commenced very  
“lately,



“ lately, and is but slight; but I am  
“ thoroughly acquainted with his cha-  
“ racter.—Pray, madam, may I ask  
“ your name?” — “ My name Sir,”  
replied I, “ is *Cathcart*.” — “ Good  
“ God!” returned he, “ are you Miss  
“ *Clarinda Cathcart*?” — “ Yes, Sir?”  
said I, “ but I dont think you ever,  
“ as you say, saw me before.” — No,  
“ madam,” returned he, “ but I have  
“ heard as much as makes me the  
“ happiest fellow alive, to have it in  
“ my power to restore you to your  
“ friends.” — “ You restore her, Sir!”  
“ cried Mr. *Douglass*. “ I beg par-  
“ don,” returned the captain. “ But,  
“ upon my word, Miss *Cathcart*, you  
“ cannot imagine how happy I am.  
“ I hope you left all friends well at  
“ *Renton Park*.” — I felt my face glow,  
*Nancy*, I could not help it. “ They  
“ were all in great distress, sir,” said I,  
“ when

“when I left them, Sir *William's* death  
“was a very heavy stroke. I left Mr.  
“*Friendly* and Mr. *Hope* very well.”—  
“I had a letter,” said he, “from *Tom*  
“about eight days ago. I stay in  
“*Scotland* now on his account. The  
“regiment I am in went to *England*  
“a fortnight ago. Sir *George Ever-*  
“*green* is to sail from *Leith*, and if I  
“don't get an unexpected call to the  
“regiment, I intend to see *Tom* aboard,  
“before I set out for *Yorkshire*.”

But, my dear *Nancy*, I will not draw my letter into a tedious length, by giving you all our conversation. I fancy there is some part of it you have already, which you think more than enough, as probably you won't understand it. But I will explain it all when I see you, for Miss *Douglas* is taking great pains to teach me Scotch, and she says I am a very apt scholar.

Lord

120 *The HISTORY of*

Lord *Darnly*, we hear, has got his leg set, with many apologies from his surgeon for his ignorance of his quality, and not attending him in person. He is in a fair way of doing well. Mr. *Douglas*, by *Betsy's* entreaty and mine, has got Mr. *Burnet* and *Martin* to be set at liberty.

I should be quite happy here, *Nancy*, were it not for these *ifs* I mentioned. The Miss *Douglas's* are both very agreeable; the eldest I think handsome. I am not certain, but I think Captain *Friendly* wishes not for a call to his regiment, nor would be sorry though Sir *George Evergreen* were not to sail these two months; and I fancy Miss *Douglas* will not put up her prayers for a fair wind, if his going to *Yorkshire* depends on that.

O *Nancy*, I am all in a flutter! I have just now had a letter from Lord  
*Darnly*.

*Darnly.* He begs I will come and see him, along with Mr. and Mrs. *Douglas*. He declares he has something to say, which, he knows, will give me satisfaction, and promises never to ask me to consent to what he is now convinced I am determined against. I am resolved, *Nancy*, to go: Perhaps it may serve a good end, which I am very anxious about. I wrote to my father three posts ago. Mr. *Douglas* wrote to him a post before me. They say I can have a letter by *Saturday*. How impatient I am! All here agree I should go, and see my lord. But I will send off this, as I know your impatience. My father will, probably, shew you my letter to him, but I know you will not be satisfied with that.

I think I have now been very particular, and even have not omitted the oaths, which, *Nancy*, I could scarce



give myself the liberty to write down; but, without them, I could not have given you a right idea of the persons I have made my escape from. When you write to Lady *Forrest*, I know you will omit them. Do you know, I am almost ashamed of myself, for taking such liberty? but I can't get them out of my head, *Nancy*; and all the apology that I can make is, that speaking or writing to a friend is only thinking aloud. *Betsy* desires to be remembered to you. I hope *Polly* has got well again. I suppose she would think it a very lucky sickness which prevented you from such an airing. I have left no room for compliments. You all have the good wishes of

CLARINDA CATHCART.

*Miss*

*Miss FLOYD, to Miss CATHCART.*

NEED I tell you, my dearest *Clarinda*, how I rejoice at your safety? Oh, that abominable Lord *Darnly*! I have scarce patience, my dear, to mention him. Your father had not the least suspicion: No one had, except Lady *Forrest* and me.—We are proud of our sagacity! My mother was angry when I hinted at such a thing. Such a thought, she said, came in my head by my reading romances. How could I ever imagine Lord *Darnly*, who was a match for the first woman in *England*, would run off with one against her inclination? But I forget to tell you, Lady *Forrest* almost put it out of my head, by writing, that Sir *Robert* had been in company with

a gentleman, who had seen Lord *Darnly* aboard the packet-boat at *Dover*, and that he was in his way to *Paris*, where he intended to winter. Could this gentleman, think you, be one of his privy council, who was to spread this report to mislead your friends, in case they should suspect him? My guessing one thing right will, I suppose, set me continually guessing.

But, my dear *Clarinda*, you cannot imagine how I long to hear the particulars of your adventures. You don't write half full enough to your father. He has shewn me your letter, but I shall, every day, be expecting to hear from you. I dare say you will get a letter from Sir *Harry* before this reaches you; so I may save myself the trouble to acquaint you, that he is on his way to *Scotland*, along with your father, Mr. *Friendly*, and Mr. *Hope*. You will

will have a chance of seeing Sir *George* and Lady *Evergreen*, who will set out for that country this day se'n-night. Mr. *Hope* goes before them to transact some business for Sir *George* at *Edinburgh*.

I dined at your house on the day that all the company returned from their search. Such a happy meeting! Such congratulations! But you are vain enough already: Why need I lend a lift to your vanity! Mr. *Friendly* and Mr. *Hope* called after dinner, to know if there were any accounts of you, or if your father had heard from Sir *Harry*. On Mr. *Friendly's* sending in his name, Sir *Harry* went and brought them in, and introduced them to your father. Sir *Harry* is, I think, a perfect Adonis, and Mr. *Hope*, you will pardon me when I say, I don't think in the least inferior. But, above all, I



am charmed with Mr. *Friendly*. Such an agreeable, benevolent aspect, I think, *Clarinda*, I had never seen before. He told us he was going to part with one son, and bring home another. If the peace was concluded, he hoped *Bob* would settle at home, and comfort him in *Tom's* absence. Your father asked him where his son was at present. He said, at *Glasgow*, where he was to continue till he went to *Edinburgh*, to take leave of his friend *Tom*. He does not expect, said he, to see me in *Scotland*; but I intend to surprise him. Your father told him you was within a few miles of *Glasgow*, and he wished they could concert measures, so as to go all in company; that Sir *Harry* and he designed to set out the next day, to which Mr. *Friendly* answered, they intended the same.

When

When your father mentioned Mr. *Douglas's* name, Mr. *Hope* started, and said, "Can it be Mr. *Douglas*, of *Parkly*, that Miss *Cathcart* is with?" Your father answered, "the very same." "Then," said Mr. *Friendly*, "that is a gentleman whom *Bob* writes very warmly of, and who has been particularly civil to him since he went into that country." Sir *Harry* said, "I hope we shall all taste of the honest gentleman's old claret."—So, I suppose, *Clarinda*, you have seen Captain *Friendly* by this time. How I envy Mr. *Douglas*, for the grateful acknowledgments he will receive from Mr. *Friendly*, for his civility to his son; from Mr. *Hope*, for his friend; from your father, for his care of his beloved daughter and niece; and from Sir *Harry*, for the care of his all in all! I had almost forgot to tell you, that

Sir *Robert Forrest*, and Captain *Renton*, were likewise in search of you.

What a confused letter I have wrote ! Sir *Robert* would not stay a minute at your father's, after returning from his search, but would go directly with the good news to Lady *Forrest*. Mr. *Cathcart* never thought of telling him, that I had wrote her the news before; and Sir *Harry* hurried away the captain with the news to *Renton Park*, which they had all got two days before. I suppose they would guess Sir *Harry* would take a trip to *Scotland* for you. He would not deserve you, I think, if he did not. Poor Miss *Fanny* ! I pity her. But I hope her swain will not be long absent.

I have just now, my dear girl, the favour of yours. How I admire your spirit ! What can Lord *Darnly* have to say to you ? I shall be quite impatient

patient till I hear. I am afraid of your new friends detaining you long in *Scotland*. Do you know, I envy *Betsy*? But it would be a sin, *Clarinda*, to keep her from her grand-mother. Consider that, my dear, and don't let them persuade you to stay. You say, that, with a little addition, you could have given me a great deal of the wonderful. In my opinion, with all your art, you could not have made it a better story than it really is. Nothing could be more providential than your deliverance; and your meeting with Captain *Friendly*, I think, is as romantic as you could wish. It is a pity you are engaged to Sir *Harry*. It would have made the story quite compleat, were you to marry the captain. Now I think on it, 'tis Miss *Roberts* that should have him; for, by your account, you was delivered by the captain's servant.



I hope Sir *Harry* will be liberal in rewarding him. Give him, *Clarinda*, two guineas from me. He is certainly a clever fellow.

In spite of the broken leg, I can't help laughing at the figure the great Lord *Darnly* cut on the hand-barrow; and Miss *Roberts's* beau going, fellow-like, with poor *Martin*, the one robbed of his lady, the other of the hopes of a hundred guineas reward. I think it would make a fine picture.—Well, *Clarinda*, without any improvements, it will be an excellent story for you to tell to the next generation of *Rentons*. *Polly* joins with my mother and me in congratulations on your deliverance.

What is become of your *Mercury*? It was a pity he should have been absent at the overturn of the chaise. He, who was so ready and willing to assist, even when he wanted the use of his  
right

right arm. Besides, he would have been the fittest messenger to have gone for the surgeon, and acquainted him of the quality of the patient.

I have a thousand things to tell you, if I saw you. But you have such a knack at letter-writing, that I hate to read over my own scrawl. It seems so *Harum Scarum*. And yet, *Clarinda*, I am rather a more solid-like girl than you are. I won't write another word; only remember, I expect to hear from you directly on the receipt of this, if you have not sent me the account of what passed at your visit to Lord *Darnly* before. Tell Mr. and Mrs. *Douglas*, that Miss *Floyd*, one of your best friends, sends them her compliments, and thanks them for their kindness to you. I congratulate the Miss *Douglas's* on being made acquainted with my *Clarinda*. Give my love to

Miss *Roberts*, and tell her, I hope you are mistaken in your conjectures as to Captain *Friendly's* love for Miss *Douglas*, and that I hope she has made a conquest of her conqueror. And now, my dear *Clarinda*, not another word from

Your

NANCY FLOYD.



Miss CATHCART, to Miss FLOYD.

My dearest *Nancy*,

I CONCLUDED my last, by telling you I was going to see Lord *Darnly*. I now sit down to give you the particulars. Mr. and Mrs. *Douglas* went with me the same day we received the invitation. We were conducted into

into a parlour till my lord was acquainted with our being there. We had sat but a few minutes, when we were ushered into the room where he was. His lordship was in bed, and looked quite pale and sickly. "You are very good, Miss *Cathcart*," said he, "in condescending to visit a man, who deserves to be despised by you. —You, sir, and you, madam, (to Mr. and Mrs. *Douglas*) must have a very mean opinion of me; though no worse than I have of myself."—I was silent—Mr. *Douglas* said, he was very glad to find he was in such a fair way of recovery, and that he was sensible he had done wrong; that Miss *Cathcart* was very ready to forgive him, and, he dared to say, all her relations would do the same, on his lordship acknowledging he had been in fault. "Yes," said he, "Mr. *Douglas*, I was  
"convinced



134 *The HISTORY of*

“ convinced how far I was to blame;  
 “ before I met with this misfortune;  
 “ but I could not find resolution to  
 “ part with Miss *Catbcart*, till I had  
 “ tried the utmost. I suppose she has  
 “ acquainted you, that I had asked  
 “ leave of her father to pay my ad-  
 “ dresses to her, and that he seemed  
 “ inclinable enough to favour me, and  
 “ promised to see me again the next  
 “ day, after he had sounded his daugh-  
 “ ter’s inclinations; for that he would  
 “ never be any more than an adviser.  
 “ I own to you, I was terribly uneasy  
 “ and impatient—I felt for her more  
 “ than I ever did for woman; and  
 “ when Mr. *Catbcart* told me that he  
 “ was sorry I was too late, I could  
 “ scarcely stand it. I said nothing to  
 “ your father, madam, but that I  
 “ thought myself very unlucky, thank-  
 “ ed him for the good wishes he had  
 “ expressed.

“ expressed in my favour, and left  
“ him. I went home, half distracted  
“ with my disappointment. I ruminated  
“ in my mind, whether there was any  
“ room for the smallest gleam of hope.  
“ I thought it probable, (you will ex-  
“ cuse me, madam) that as my riva-  
“ was not equal to me either in for-  
“ tune or title, that as your sex are all  
“ fond of rank and splendor, and that  
“ though you was fond of my rival,  
“ yet, if I had an opportunity, by my  
“ assiduity and tenderness, I might,  
“ with the above advantages, turn  
“ your affections. This thought my  
“ evil genius improved on, and the  
“ scheme of carrying you off imme-  
“ diately entered my head. I sent for  
“ the two gentlemen who were with  
“ me, and consulted with them what  
“ method to take. It is needless for  
“ me to repeat the different ways we  
“ thought

“ thought on, till, at last, *Burnet* told  
“ me, he saw you go out every day on  
“ an airing, and a young lady  
“ with you. Immediately we laid the  
“ scheme as, you know, was exe-  
“ cuted; and before I put it in pract-  
“ ice, I gave out I intended to win-  
“ ter in *Paris*, and took several gen-  
“ tlemen with me, who were not privy  
“ to my design, who saw me aboard  
“ the packet-boat at *Dover*. This I  
“ thought would keep me from being  
“ suspected, at least till I had some  
“ time to gain your affections; and  
“ as you was under age, I imagined,  
“ by taking you to *Scotland*, I should  
“ have an opportunity to marry you  
“ as soon as I gained your consent,  
“ and your going off would be placed  
“ by the world to that account. Your  
“ father, I thought, would easily for-  
“ give me.—This, madam, was my  
“ plan.

“ plan. Your spirit, resolution, and  
“ arguments, if possible, augmented  
“ my love, while they made me almost  
“ mad with despair. I had gone  
“ too far not to try the utmost; and  
“ I don’t know but my passion would  
“ have made me force what I could  
“ not gain by persuasion; and even  
“ in this I found an excuse for myself,  
“ as I was certain, I thought, of mak-  
“ ing you one of the kindest and most  
“ affectionate husbands; and that,  
“ when you found you could not  
“ help yourself, your good sense would  
“ make you strive to be content.  
“ Your endeavours, and not seeing my  
“ rival, I flattered myself, would soon  
“ have the wished-for effect, and that  
“ every day you would value me the  
“ more for the proofs I had given of  
“ the strength and constancy of my  
“ love.—Thus, Mr. *Douglas*, do people  
“ often



“ often find excuses to themselves for  
“ the most ridiculous actions, when  
“ agreeable to their inclinations. I  
“ assure you I now look on my broken  
“ leg as the most lucky thing that  
“ could have happened, as whatever  
“ way this affair had ended, I mean,  
“ whether I had gained Miss Cath-  
“ cart’s consent or not—(I have now  
“ no reason to believe I should)—If I  
“ had married her, I should certainly  
“ have been a jealous husband, conse-  
“ quently unhappy; and you, madam,  
“ (looking at me) whose happiness I  
“ wish equal to my own, must have  
“ been an unhappy wife.—My ear-  
“ nestness in desiring to see you was  
“ owing to my impatience to put you  
“ out of all manner of dread on my  
“ account. Your lover, I understand,  
“ is a young baronet, whose character  
“ and accomplishments merit the re-  
“ turn.

“ turn you give him. I make no  
“ doubt but your friends, as well as  
“ you, may imagine a man, capable  
“ of taking the unjustifiable steps I  
“ have taken, would fall into the too  
“ general custom of vindicating one  
“ crime by committing another.—

“ Now, madam, to shew you I have  
“ so far benefitted by your good sense,  
“ and my own reflections, since this  
“ trifling misfortune, I do assure you,  
“ the greatest pleasure I now have, is  
“ in my being fully sensible how far I  
“ have erred, and in the pride I take  
“ in having resolution to own it, and  
“ to ask both Sir *Harry*, Mr. *Cathcart*,  
“ and you pardon.”—“ I think, my  
“ lord,” said I, “ I could answer for it  
“ you will have it from all.”—“ I will  
“ write,” said my lord, “ as soon as I  
“ am able, to Sir *Harry*, and then I  
“ propose, in reality, to go to *Paris*.

“ Absence

“ Absence and time, I hope, will make  
“ my heart acquiesce with my judg-  
“ ment. I sincerely wish Sir *Harry*  
“ and you all the happiness this world  
“ can afford.” — “ And I, my lord,”  
replied I, “ from the bottom of my  
“ heart wish you the same.” — Mr.  
*Douglas* said, “ My lord, you act like  
“ a man of honour.—The best will  
“ err; but where there is good sense  
“ and right principles, they are easily  
“ drawn into the right path.” — “ It  
“ has been very difficult, Mr. *Douglas*,  
“ to me,” replied my lord.—“ Your  
“ lordship, then,” said Mr. *Douglas*,  
“ is the greater conqueror.” — — Mr.  
“ *Smith* and Mr. *Burnet*, Miss *Cathcart*,”  
said his lordship, “ are ashamed of  
“ the parts they have acted. It was  
“ out of friendship to me. I pro-  
“ mised, in their names, to beg your  
“ forgiveness; and, through you, they  
“ hope

“hope the forgiveness of Miss *Roberts*.”

“They may be certain, my lord,” replied I, “of both.”—“Mr. *Smith*,”

returned his lordship, “declares he will

“never have to do with such another

“affair either for pleasure or profit.

“Miss *Cathcart*, Mr. *Douglas*, has

“made converts of us all.”

The doctor coming in, felt his pulse, and said he was afraid he had talked too much; on which we arose to take our leave. His lordship said he would not detain us, but hoped Mr. *Douglas* would be so good as sometimes to favour him with a visit, while he was an invalid. Mr. *Douglas* said he did him a deal of honour, and that it would make him extremely happy to cultivate an acquaintance with his lordship. Thus, my dear *Nancy*, is this disagreeable affair happily ended, and one of my *ifs*, which I mentioned in my last, intirely removed. Upon



Upon the whole, *Nancy*, I think his lordship's plan has not been so irrational as I thought it was; and considering what a treasure he loses in your *Clarinda*, I think he bears it with a wonderful deal of patience. In the name of love and matrimony, how could he give up thoughts of me so soon! Shall the divine *Clarinda Cathcart* be fettered in the bands of wedlock, without one duel fought for her? No blood-shed! Only a single bone broke, which, perhaps, is so knit, that it will be stronger than ever. Oh, mortifying! Let it not be told to after-ages. Am I inferior to the beautiful *Helen*, who caused a long ten years siege, and laid, at last, old *Troy* in ashes?—Why, oh why, was I born in such a degenerate age, when beauty, such as mine, can thus tamely be yielded up!

A letter

*Miss Clarinda Cathcart.* 143

A letter from Sir *Harry*, and another from my father—they expect to be at *Parkly* to-morrow. The impatience of a lover, no doubt, has hurried my honest father. I wish he may take care of an overturn. What the duce ails me! Flutter, flutter, flutter! Thump, thump, thump goes my heart! Not a word more can I write. If the first meeting were over I fancy I could be easy. Another *if* already, *Nancy*,! I am afraid I shall be at war with these gentry till I am reduced to ashes. What a pretty billet-doux is this of Sir *Harry's*! So expressive! So tender! But you shall see it. I said I could not write another word, neither can I to any purpose. Well, God be thanked, Lord *Darnly* is in a fair way of recovery, both as to body and mind. To be serious, *Nancy*, I am extremely fond of his lordship;  
and

and since I cannot have him myself, I think I could bestow him on you. What say you, my dear? When he returns from *Paris*, shall I have it mentioned to him? Here's *Betsy*, forsooth; she says she has a better right to him than you. I have a great mind to give you Sir *Harry* between you, and take my lord to myself. Adieu, *Nancy*, God bless you, prays

Your too happy

CLARINDA CATHCART.

P. S. Forward the enclosed for *Renton Park* and *Forrest Abbey*. Don't think I neglect my aunt. There is a letter enclosed to her in Miss *Fanny Renton's*.

Miss

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart.* 145

Miss FANNY RENTON, to Miss CATHCART.

My dearest *Clarinda*,

HAVE I again the happiness to write, and tell you how much I love you? What have I suffered from the terrible apprehension of what might have happened!

Now all my fears on that account, are hushed. Oh, my dear, I wish I had the additional happiness of calling you sister. Sir *Harry*, I suppose, is with you by this time: he will tell you how deeply we were all afflicted. You will see Mr. *Hope* and Mr. *Friendly*, too. They accompany your father and Sir *Harry*. Oh, *Clarinda*, what a poor weak creature is your *Fanny*! I will not endeavour to hide my weakness from my friend, who, I know, will sim-

VOL. II.

H

pathize



pathize with me. I have a thousand fears, all equally ridiculous. I make mountains of difficulties, which, I am convinced, are only mole-hills. I endeavour to lessen them, and calm my fears, by thinking on the innumerable dangers we are every moment exposed to, and yet how wonderfully we are preserved! Then, how can I dread the danger of the seas, the badness of one climate more than another, when I know the wise disposer of all things can save and destroy when and where he pleases! Thus, my dear *Clarinda*, I think with myself; yet the weakness of my mind contradicts my reason. The whistling of the wind, the falling of the leaves, affects me. Every thing looks dismal. The death of my dear father, the fright I have had on your account, and Mr. *Hope's* leaving me at such a time, have all contributed to lower my spirits. Yesterday

Yesterday we had a visit from the gay Lady *Betty Williams*. I used to be her greatest favourite. She thought, at that time, I was to be Countess of *Elmor*. Now she understands I have been so mean-spirited to prefer Mr. *Hope*, she scarcely deigns to look at me. Had I been in a humour, I should have been well diverted to hear her bestowing all the flattering compliments on *Caroline*, which she used to bestow on me. She has heard that *Caroline* is to be married to Lord *Edgar*. Whether there be any truth in this report, time will discover. He is every day here, and seems to prefer *Caroline's* company to that of the rest of the family. But though I could, as I said, have laughed at Lady *Betty Williams*, I must own that my mother's behaviour contributes not a little to my uneasiness. Perhaps I am

mistaken; but I think she does not look on me as of the same consequence in the family I used to be. She is kind enough to me, but it seems constrained, and more owing, as it were, to the regard she pays to my dear father's memory, than any real affection for me. Lady *Chester* is so much taken up with Sir *Charles*, that we have very little of her company. My dear *Caroline* is always the same; but, as I said before, Lord *Edgar* is much with her; and, as I am out of spirits, I often retire. *Nell*, you know, is an unfit companion for me at such a time. My romping brother *Frank* is continually teasing me.—He peeps in my face.—Poor *Fanny*! He says, look how red her eyes are with crying—Hear how she sighs, and mourns the absence of her mate!—Oh, *Clarinda*! I wish only I had your dear company;

company; but Sir *Harry* will rob me too of that pleasure. But you must not, my dear girl, laugh at me. I have really got the vapours, and cannot bear to be laughed out of them. You must try, *Clarinda*, to get me out of them by degrees, and without letting me see your aim. At present I stalk up and down quite neglected, nor can I find one thing capable of amusing me. Advice can have no effect. I know all that can be said on the subject; but the soothing conversation of a friend may do much. I wish, I wish, *Clarinda*, you were here.

But why do I neglect to mention, that you are to be heiress of *Castleton*? Your cousin, Mr. *Blackmore*, is dead. I remember you told me, that you never saw him, so consequently will not lay his death much to heart. Your aunt does not seem to be much



cast down neither. Your being found hath given her great spirits. She says you are now her natural heir, and she is certain no mother ever loved her daughter better than she does you. Fortune, you see, my dear, smiles on you. But I know you have too much good sense to allow it to have the effect on you it has on too many. I have little else to write you.

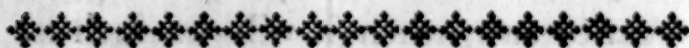
I beg, my dearest *Clarinda*, you will let me hear from you every opportunity. I hope you will not stay long in *Scotland*: and though I wish for you here, yet, I think, I could be glad Sir *Harry* did not return till Mr. *Hope* sails.—What a terrible distance will soon be betwixt me and him who, could lighten all my cares!—O *Clarinda*, don't you think we might have lived happy enough on the interest of my fortune, and what Mr. *Hope* could have

have made of his business, without going abroad? I am sure, both he and I could have been content; and is it not surprising, that people should give themselves pain to please the vanity of others? They say, what is a year or two, when it will be such an advantage? A year or two is a long time in this short life to look forward; short, indeed, to look back! Oh, my dear, my heart is big, and the tears blind me while I write. What, my dear friend, can be the matter with me? But don't, I beseech you, mention it to Mr. *Hope*. I am never so well as when I am writing to him—But, alas! that consolation will soon be out of my power.—The sooner, you will say, the better. God send us all a happy meeting! *Caroline* writes. To her I leave the congratulatory  
H 4 compliments

compliments of all here, and am, but  
I hope not, ever so,

Your vapourish friend,

FANNY RENTON.



*Miss* CATHCART to *Miss* FANNY  
RENTON.

**M**Y dear vapourish, but I hope  
not, ever vapourish *Fanny*,  
you must give me leave to scold you.  
What, in the name of common sense,  
could you mean to swell mole hills  
into mountains? Why, my dear, you  
made me shed as many tears, on read-  
ing your letter, as if it had been——  
the last act of a tragedy. And I must  
not pretend to advise you, as you are  
so wise as to know already, every  
thing

thing that can be said! Then, what must I write? Suppose I tell you, that your favourite swain, a handsome young fellow of one and twenty, is so much taken up with the idea of your charms, that not all the graces of Miss *Cathcart*, Miss *Roberts*, and the novelty of innumerable *Scotch* beauties are able to tear you from his memory one moment? Will not this please you? What would many heart-broken maids give to be in your condition! To love, and be beloved! And to have two years to hope! Why, my dear, after you get over the sharp pinch of parting, it will be the happiest two years of your life. What signify riches, grandeur, or other earthly enjoyments, when we have them in possession?

Here is my honest father saying, dear *Clarinda*, and my dearest daughter,

H 5

I hope



I hope you will not keep Sir *Harry* in suspense as to the time you intend to make him happy! Then here is Sir *Harry* at my feet, sighing, dying, lying, and playing over all the silly tricks that have been practised since the days of *Adam*.—Now, don't you think I should be glad to send him off for about a couple of years, that I might have all this pleasure to hope for, rather than by having him here, put an end to it all at once? Come, come, my dear, no more of your vapours.—Prepare to comfort me, who, it seems, must soon be fettered for life. Don't be afraid, that I will allow Sir *Harry* to be always dangling at my elbow. You shall see I will be a more fashionable wife.—You and I shall still have our private walks, and private conversations too. I must have my fetters made easy.

And

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart.* 155

And now, my dear, let me tell you, without regard to your wishes, before ever I received your letter, we were determined not to leave this country till Mr. *Hope* should set sail.

*Betsy* has got a letter wrote by her grandmother's own hand, desiring her not to hurry herself home on her account. It is reasonable, she says, that she should have a little pleasure after the fright she has got; and as she knows she is safe and in good company, she will be very well satisfied if she sees her in two months; and to make her entirely easy, she has got Mrs *Wright*, a distant relation of hers, to be with her during her absence. So *Betsy* is quite happy.

I had a letter yesterday from Lady *Evergreen*. She rejoices at my safety. It is dated from *Edinburgh*. She hopes to see my father and me there. Mr.

156 *The HISTORY of*

*Douglas*, the two *Miss Douglas's*, and all of us are to set out the end of this week. *Mr. Douglas* has wrote to a friend to take lodgings for us, and if they can be got, a furnished house, that we may be all one family.

You cannot imagine, how surprized Captain *Friendly* was at the unexpected visit of his father; but I will entertain you with particulars at meeting.

I am going to-morrow to *Glasgow* assembly. I am to dance with Captain *Friendly*; Sir *Harry*, with *Miss Douglas*. An exchange, *Fanny*; for, betwixt you and me, I believe *Miss Douglas* will soon be your neighbour; and a good sociable girl she is: you will like her vastly. Your swain will not be prevailed on to engage a partner. He has business to transact for Sir *George*; so does not know if he shall get in time to the assembly or not. I was obliged to

to buy some cloaths at *Glasgow*, but our good house-keeper has thought proper to send, with my father, my whole wardrobe. All my drawers have been broken up, and, I suppose, all my letters read. There is no help for it. Women's secrets always spread, some way; no great matter, how.

I was entertained with your observations on Lady *Betty Williams*. But, my dear, you must not believe yourself capable of judging right, while you have the vapours. Lady *Betty*, I dare answer, thought her compliments to you would have been troublesome at a time, when, perhaps, she saw the tear in your eye. And *Caroline*, no doubt, had her honest countenance improved by the pleasure of having made a conquest of the agreeable Lord *Edgar*. No wonder, then, her ladyship, since she chuses to compliment,



ment, should bestow it on her, rather than on the woeful figure of the once amiable *Fanny*. Why, if your looks, my dear, correspond with what you have scribbled with your pen, you are a perfect *memento mori*. Then, I suppose, Lady *Renton* looks on you with concern; thinks it best not to take notice of your grief; and by this method hopes it will wear off. — But nothing will please you — You think you are of no consequence in the family! It is a charming thing, my dear, to be humble. I suppose you remember the fable of the drop of water which was ripened into a pearl?

And so, madam, you forget, till the end of your letter, to acquaint me that I am to be heiress of *Castleton*! A matter, indeed, to a girl of my philosophical turn, that will not have any bad consequences. But, if I had received this

news;

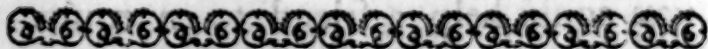
news some time ago, I should have had the full swing of my own airs, for at least these six years. But what does it signify now, when I have promised, within a twelve month, to give Sir *Harry* a right to me and mine? And yet, he is so unconscionable as not to be satisfied. Do you think you could help a friend to an equivocation, that would enable her to draw back? If you can, let me have it in your next.

I suppose Mr. *Hope* has informed you by letter, that Mr. *Friendly*, Sir *Harry*, my father, and himself, have lodgings in *Glasgow* — They are here every day. Mr. and Mrs. *Douglas*, I am sure, have troublesome guests of us, and it is their own fault. If the *Scots*, in general, be like this family, they are certainly a very hospitable people.

I write

I write to *Caroline* by the same post. My next shall be from *Edinburgh*. No more of your dumps. Be all yourself in your next, and never expect to be humoured in your imaginary griefs, by

CLARINDA CATHCART.



*Miss* CATHCART, to *Miss* FLOYD.

My dear *Nancy*,

I HAD this day the favour of yours. It was sent me from *Parkly*. As I have satisfied your curiosity, and answered all your questions in my last, even before you asked them, I have now sat down to let you know what I am doing in the great metropolis of *Scotland*.

I should

I should first give you an account of the arrival of my friends; but as I am well acquainted with the justness of your imagination, I will leave you to guess a scene in which I was too much interested to pretend to describe it. And now to begin.

We have got a very handsome furnished house in a square at the back of the town; there are ten of us in family. I shall begin with the gentlemen, as they are most numerous; Sir *Harry Renton*, Mr. *Friendly*, Mr. *Douglas*, Captain *Friendly*, Mr. *Hope*, and my father: ladies, the two Miss *Douglas's*, Miss *Roberts*, and Miss *Cathcart*. We arrived here on *Monday* last, and have been engaged in some public entertainment every night since. *Tuesday* we were at Lady *Evergreen's* rout, in the palace of *Holyrood-house*. Most of the quality and gentry of the place were



were there, and, indeed, I don't think I ever before, saw so many fine women met together. — Who would have thought Lady *Evergreen* would have had any routs here, as her stay is to be so short! But her ladyship says it was very necessary, Sir *George* having so public a post. *Wednesday* we were at the play, and *Thursday* we were at the assembly. I was still more delighted with the beauty of the *Scots* women. There were very few of them ornamented with jewels, nor indeed do they need them to set off their charms. As to the men, Sir *Harry*, Mr. *Hope*, and Captain *Friendly*, are so handsome, that I could not help giving the preference to the *English* men.

Lady *Evergreen* would have been the most brilliant in her dress, if a fine *West-India* lady had not been there who outshined her. She is originally  
*English*;

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart.* 163

*English*; her name *Breckel*. I mention her so particularly, as she was introduced to Lady *Evergreen*, who told her of my father and me being *English*, and that we were to be no longer here than till Sir *George* sails. Mrs. *Breckel* paid me a great many compliments, and said she should be glad, if our time and her's would agree, to have our company to *London*. She invited us to dine with her on *Monday*. We have promised to wait on her. They say she is worth an immense deal of money; consequently you may believe, will be caressed every where. For my own part, I should not be sorry if our time and her's did not answer; but my father seems pleased to cultivate her acquaintance.

But whom do you think I saw at the assembly, as gay and happy as you please, but Lord *Elmor*! He began the

the second set with a celebrated beauty, who made her first appearance here (it seems) this Winter, and every one gives it out she is to be married to his lordship. Few men, I believe, if any, *Nancy*, die of love, or women either, I hope. I assure you I was extremely glad to see his lordship. He had heard of my being here, so did not seem surpris'd. I fancy he knows what brought me too, but he did not say so. I told him I was glad to see him so agreeably engaged. He try'd, I thought, a sigh, and said, "Time, Miss *Catbcart*, is a good "physician." "I am glad, my lord," said I, "you have found it so."

The young lady's name is *Campbel*, Miss *Louisa Campbel*. She seems about sixteen; has a great deal of sweetness in her countenance; her hair fair, eyes blue, with long dark eye lashes, which

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart*. 165

which make **one** mistake her eyes for black. She **is** very tall of her age, and has a graceful air when she dances. His lordship, I suppose, is apt to be caught at first sight; so, if his mistresses have any other charms than beauty, it is more owing to chance than his penetration. They say, however, that Miss *Campbel* (as well as my *Fanny*) is a very accomplished young lady.

You are very impatient for my coming home! So should I myself, but this Sir *Harry* is so earnest about his happy day, as he calls it, that I am terribly afraid, as soon as I have got home, I shall be teized into compliance. Now, *Nancy*, having my swain with me, and in no seeming danger to lose him, I would fain keep as long from being shackled as I can. But, at any rate, my dear, my father thinks it necessary,



cessary, since we are here, to wait till Sir *George* sails, and both Sir *Harry* and I think we ought to wait on Mr. *Friendly*. But I dare say we sha'nt be much longer here, though we are much importuned to stay for the hunter's ball. I must conclude, having to dress for the gentlemen's concert, which they have here weekly. To-morrow I am to be engaged all day. In the morning we are to go into the country, to see—I have forgot what; in the evening to the play with a company quite strangers to me, most of them relations of the Miss *Douglas's*. So, as I know your impatience, I will seal up my letter to be ready for to-morrow's post. My love to your mother and *Polly*. Adieu.

CLARINDA CATHCART.

*Miss*

Miss Clarinda Cathcart. 167

Miss CATHCART, to Miss FLOYD.

WITHOUT waiting for a letter from my dear Nancy, I have got up two hours sooner than ordinary, to give her the interesting adventures of yesterday.

I told you, in my last, that my father and I were invited to dine with Mrs. Brecket on Monday. I forgot, I believe, to mention, that she said to him, she understood, by Lady Evergreen, that the Miss Douglas's, (whom she had seen at the assembly) and we lived in the same house. "Yes, madam," said my father, "we are very happy; we make a large family; there are ten of us, besides attendants." "Well," said she, "Mr. Cathcart, remember I give a general invitation,

“invitation, and shall expect your  
“whole family, if they are not other-  
“wise engaged.” “They are not,  
“madam,” answered my father, “that  
“I know of; and, I dare say, they  
“will do themselves the pleasure to  
“wait on you.”

Accordingly we were all dressed out  
yesterday to the best advantage; I in  
my new mourning for my Cousin  
*Blackmore*, whose death, I suppose,  
you have heard of. *Mr. Friendly*,  
the captain, and *Mr. Douglas*, hap-  
pened to be engaged. The rest set all  
out in chairs, between three and four  
o'clock. We were amazed, when we  
went in, at the number of servants,  
and richness of their livery. We were  
conducted into a very handsome room,  
though not so elegant as to correspond  
with every thing else. But I suppose  
it was the best lodgings the place  
could

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart*. 169

could afford, when she wanted them. In about five minutes the lady made her appearance, very elegantly dressed. “Mr. *Cathcart*,” said she, “I am extremely glad to see you, and you, Miss *Cathcart*.”—“The Miss *Douglas*’s, madam, Sir *Harry Renton*, Mr. *Hope*,” said my father, introducing them.

“I am very happy, ladies and gentlemen,” said Mrs. *Breckel*, “to have the pleasure of your company: Pray be seated—no ceremony: But, Mr. *Cathcart*, you have not brought all your family.”—“No, madam,” replied my father, “there are three of our gentlemen who were unluckily engaged; they beg their compliments to you.”—“I should have been glad to have seen them,” returned she. “But pray, Sir *Harry*, are you any relation of Sir *William* VOL. II. I “*Renton*,



“*Renton, of Renton Park?*”—“I am  
“his son, madam,” answered he. “My  
“father died within these three  
“months.” “Good God!” said the  
lady, and she trembled; “you know  
“*Mr. Friendly*, then?”—We were  
quite amazed.—“Yes, madam,” said  
my father, “*Mr. Friendly* and his son  
“are two of our family, who regretted  
“their being engaged, as it put it out  
“of their power to wait on you.”—  
The lady’s trembling increased. “Oh,  
“sir,” replied she, “then you can tell  
“me!—Is *Tommy Hope* alive?” Im-  
agine our surprise. *Mr. Hope* turned  
as pale as ashes. We were all silent.  
“Oh, gracious heaven!” said she,  
“my son is dead! your silence con-  
“firms it!”—and she sunk quite motion-  
less on her seat. *Mr. Hope*, for some  
moments, was fixed to his chair. On  
a sudden he sprung up, and throwing  
himself

himself at his mother's feet, and looking up, said—"Oh, gracious God! look down with pity, and, undeceive me not in having found a parent!"—We were all standing around them—The lady, called into life, as it were, by her son's voice, looked up, and then on him.—"Yes," said she, "I recollect your once well-known features."—And throwing her arms around his neck, said, "Oh, merciful God! Thou hast now made me amends for all my troubles. Oh! my dear *Tommy*, my dearest *Tommy Hope*!"—The happy youth held her in his arms.—"It must be so," said he. "I have found a kind and affectionate parent.—Oh, merciful God! may I ever admire, and be enabled to make a right use of the wonderful turns of thy providence!" We got Mr.

*Hope* seated next his mother, while she, with his hand in hers, asked an hundred questions, at once, of the anxious and wondering son.

O *Nancy*, how faint is the description I give of this affecting, this tender scene! Yet I could not but attempt to describe it.

As soon as *Mrs. Brecket* was tolerably composed, she rung the bell, and ordered, that no company should be admitted. *Mr. Hope* expatiated on the goodness of *Mr. Friendly*, and dwelt, with grateful raptures, on his fatherly kindness. He told his mother, that both that gentleman and his son were now in this country, on his account, and were staying till he should sail with *Sir George Evergreen*. He acquainted her with their intention of bringing him up to the practice of physic, and that it was thought necessary

cessary he should go abroad, for the improvement of his studies. "You have no occasion," said she, "my dear Tommy, to go abroad, since you will have a fortune equal to most gentlemen in *England*; and, thank God! you will have it in your power, and I hope you will have the inclination, to repay all those who were so good as to assist your unhappy father: (the tear of remembrance started in her eye) And I hope, my dear, we shall also shew our gratitude to the generous and worthy Mr. *Friendly*. Mr. *Cathcart*, is it not possible to see him this afternoon?" My father answered, that he would go directly and find him. A servant acquainting us that dinner was on the table, it was agreed, it would be better to delay going till after we had dined, and that he should tell



Mr. *Friendly* nothing of the matter, but only say, that Mrs. *Breckel* desired to see him, to consult something about Mr. *Hope*, as she understood he was going to the same place where she came from, and that she intended to give him some recommendatory letters, in case Mr. *Friendly* approved of it.

We did little else at dinner but look at the happy mother and son; they, at one another. My father had not patience, but looking at his watch, on the removal of the first course, said, he was certain Mr. *Friendly* would be dined, and he would go and bring him. "Well," said Mrs. *Breckel*, "I will not begin to give an account of what has happened to me since I left *England*, till your return."

My father went away, and did not come back for above an hour. We were beginning to grow quite impatient,

tient, when the door opened, and in came my father, Mr. *Friendly*, and the captain. “Mr. *Friendly*, madam, and “the captain,” said my father, addressing himself to Mrs. *Breckel*,—— “Pray, gentlemen,” said she, “be “seated—I am extremely glad to see “you.”

“You do me a great deal of honour, madam,” returned Mr. *Friendly*, looking first on her, then at Mr. *Hope*. He sighed, and was silent. “Pray, sir,” said Mrs. *Breckel*, “if I “am not mistaken, I have had the “pleasure of seeing you before.”—She was affected.—Mr. *Friendly*, looking at her stedfastly, and seeing her emotion, said, “My God! is it possible? Can I believe my own eyes?” She, unable to command herself any longer, arose, and would have thrown herself at his feet, if he had not pre-

vented her.—“Yes, Mr. *Friendly*,” said she, “I am the same Mrs. *Hope*, “whom your generous compassion “comforted with my unfortunate husband, and to whose poor orphan “you have proved more than a father. “May the all-gracious God shower “down his choicest blessings on you “and yours, and reward you for the “more than generous action!”

Mr. *Friendly* was silent for some minutes. Mr. *Hope* stood with his lips quivering, but unable to speak. Captain *Friendly* was lost in amazement.—We at last got them seated—Mr. *Friendly* said, “Indeed, madam, I am “so surprised, that I can scarce believe “I am awake. But what extraordinary turn of Providence has brought “about this unexpected happy event?” “I believe,” said Mrs. *Brecket*, “you “are not yet composed enough to “hear,

“hear, nor am I to relate, the particulars.” Here a pause of a short interval ensued; after which Mrs. *Breckel* prepared to gratify the curiosity of the company, by a recital of her story.

And now, my dear *Nancy*, will I proceed to give you the history of Mrs. *Breckel*, in her own words; or, at least, as near as I can recollect them.

“I suppose,” said she, “there is a part of this company, who does not know, and therefore it will be proper to premise, that I left *England* with my husband about fifteen years ago, and that, when we went away, we had nothing but what the goodness of our creditors, and the unparalleled generosity of Mr. *Friendly* (who was a principal creditor) supplied us with. It is needless to dwell on scenes of distress, or to endea-



178 *The HISTORY of*

" your to picture out what any one, of  
 " a generous nature, may suppose would  
 " be our case, leaving our native  
 " country, loaded with favours from  
 " those, who had suffered by us, and  
 " whom, in all probability, we should  
 " never have it in our power to repay;  
 " and to leave an only child, of whom  
 " we were doatingly fond, to a gen-  
 " tleman, indeed, who had given us  
 " undoubted proofs of his generosity  
 " and friendship, but whom, if God  
 " should please to take away, there  
 " was no other to protect his helpless  
 " infancy. He was then only seven  
 " years of age. You may think it  
 " strange, ladies, that among our rela-  
 " tions, we should not find any who  
 " would take this charge upon them;  
 " but never shall I forget their unna-  
 " tural behaviour! Though they knew  
 " the unforeseen expences we had been  
 " drawn

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart.* 179

“ drawn into by a law-suit, and the  
“ loss Mr. *Hope* had suffered by being  
“ surety for a worthy friend, who had  
“ been unfortunate in trade; though  
“ they knew all this, they accused us  
“ of extravagance; said, they saw our  
“ ruin long before it happened; and  
“ even went so far, as to endeavour to  
“ prevent those, who were willing to  
“ assist us, by persuading them their  
“ favours would be lost on creatures  
“ who could spend a kingdom if they  
“ had it, and die beggars. The be-  
“ haviour of these cruel relations was  
“ more severe than I can express, or  
“ can well be imagined by any, except  
“ those who have experienced the like.  
“ You may believe we had no regret  
“ in leaving them, but was rather  
“ glad to be out of the hearing of  
“ their unjust reflections, which had  
“ spread, and were believed by many,  
“ who

180      *The HISTORY of*

“ who knew us only by hear-say.—  
“ In short, after getting several re-  
“ commendatory letters, and the fleet  
“ being ready to sail, we took leave of  
“ our country, recommending our dear  
“ *Tommy* to the protection of God Al-  
“ mighty, and, under his all-suffici-  
“ ency, to the good Mr. *Friendly*. We  
“ set sail on the 28th of *November*.

“ The weather being remarkably  
“ good for the season of the year, and  
“ I being soothed and comforted by  
“ the tenderness of my dear husband,  
“ who bade me always look forward to  
“ days of happiness, I began to be  
“ tolerably easy. We had been intro-  
“ duced to a family that were going  
“ to the same place where we intended  
“ to fix, but unluckily, as we both  
“ thought it, we were engaged to  
“ different ships. However, the wea-  
“ ther, as I said before, being calm,  
“ we

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart*. 181

“ we frequently visited one another,  
“ and used to entertain ourselves with  
“ cards, and often talking over how  
“ happy we thought ourselves in being  
“ going to the same place, and pro-  
“ mising always to keep up an inti-  
“ macy.

“ We had been about five weeks  
“ at sea, when, one afternoon, Mr.  
“ *Hope* was engaged with the captain  
“ of the ship at picquet. I was amu-  
“ sing myself, by looking on, when  
“ one of the sailors came down to the  
“ cabin, and told us, Captain *Brown*  
“ had sent his long boat with his com-  
“ pliments, and those of Mr. and Mrs.  
“ *Cranston*, (the names of the gentle-  
“ man and lady whom we were now  
“ so intimate with) and begged Mr.  
“ *Hope's* company and mine that after-  
“ noon. I would have declined go-  
“ ing, as I saw Mr. *Hope* was so keenly  
“ engaged



“engaged with the captain; but he  
“said, unless I would consent to go  
“without him, he would beg to be  
“excused by the captain, and go with  
“me. As I saw he would rather stay  
“behind, being afraid, I suppose, the  
“captain would take it amiss, I went  
“by myself.”—Here the tears almost  
choaked her, and she was unable to  
proceed for some minutes.—Recover-  
herself, however, she went on:

“I had not been aboard of Captain  
“*Brown's* ship above an hour, when a  
“violent storm arose, that threatened  
“every moment to dash us to pieces.  
“Most of the passengers were silent  
“through fear, but I was like one  
“distracted, begging and praying, for  
“God's sake, to take me to my hu-  
“sband. No one regarded me. All  
“hands, that could be of any use,  
“were employed. I scrambled up the  
“cabin:

“cabin stairs, while the waves were  
“dashing over my head. O, my God!  
“what a scene was I, a poor, weak  
“woman, destined to see! The ship  
“where my dear husband was, in a  
“few minutes after I got upon deck,  
“in my sight, was dashed to pieces  
“on a rock! My senses quite forsook  
“me. ’Twas a wonder I was not  
“trampled to death, or washed over-  
“board by the waves. But it was  
“decreed that I should live, and feel  
“the weight of sorrows, which, long,  
“long did I think would never have an  
“end.

“How long I continued in this state  
“of insensibility, I cannot say. The  
“first thing I remember was, Mrs.  
“*Cranston* standing by my bed-side,  
“and begging me to bear my misfor-  
“tunes like a christian. The storm,  
“she said, was now over, and that  
“time,

184 *The HISTORY of*

“time, she hoped, would get the bet-  
 “ter of my grief, and that she again  
 “would be happy in my company.  
 “She did and said all she could to  
 “comfort me, but it was impossible.  
 “The idea I had of my dear husband  
 “putting up his prayers for the pro-  
 “tection of his wife and son, and my  
 “seeing him sink to the bottom of the  
 “sea, was continually before my eyes.  
 “Oh, that I had sunk with him in his  
 “arms, cried I; then I had been hap-  
 “py! ’Tis impossible I can live, and  
 “bear this insupportable load of woe!  
 “’Twas in vain they endeavoured to  
 “reason with me; my grief was too  
 “great to admit of consolation. I  
 “really believe my brain was hurt;  
 “for all I remember of our voyage  
 “and landing is so faint, that I can-  
 “not give you the least account of  
 “it; for after I was well, I never  
 “durst

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart*. 185

“durst venture on the subject.—  
“Mr. and Mrs. *Cranston* kept me  
“many months in their house, before  
“I was capable of thanking them for  
“their kindness, or considering that I  
“was a poor useless dependant on their  
“bounty. At last I began to be ca-  
“pable of reflection, and the tears  
“that I then shed gave me the great-  
“est relief. I prayed to God to forgive  
“my despondency, and begged his  
“protection. In short, through his  
“divine mercy, I every day became  
“better. Mrs. *Cranston* appeared so  
“happy, that I had no reason to think  
“she looked on me as a burthen.  
“She represented to me how sinful it  
“was to repine at the providence of  
“God, and, though Mr. *Friendly*  
“should die, that my son would still  
“be protected by the father of the  
“fatherless. Her conversation, and  
“my



“ my own reflection, that we are only,  
 “ in this world, as travellers, and that  
 “ whether our journey through it be  
 “ smooth or rugged is a matter of  
 “ very little importance, had the de-  
 “ sired effect. In short, I began to  
 “ be surprised at my own weakness.  
 “ Mr. *Hope*, I considered, was arrived  
 “ at his long home ; and as I knew he  
 “ was a good and upright man, I had  
 “ reason to think him happy. Then  
 “ why should I repine at his going  
 “ before me to a place, where, if I  
 “ studied to do my duty, I was certain  
 “ one day to follow? These thoughts  
 “ calmed me quite ; and Mrs. *Cranston*  
 “ and I were quite happy in the  
 “ friendship of one another. Mr.  
 “ *Cranston* is a real good man ; he  
 “ makes an affectionate husband, and  
 “ kind father. His business obliged  
 “ him to be much from home, and  
 “ he

*Miss Clarinda Cathcart.* 187

“ he was so good as often to express  
“ how happy he was in his wife hav-  
“ ing me for a companion.

“ In this agreeable tranquillity did  
“ I continue about half a year, when  
“ the governor of the place came to  
“ visit at Mr. Cranston's. The white  
“ women being very scarce in that  
“ country, when any stranger comes of  
“ that complexion, they are certain of  
“ a croud of admirers. The dismal  
“ way I had been in, and my not ap-  
“ pearing much in company, prevent-  
“ me from having any, even after my  
“ recovery. However, this circum-  
“ stance, it seems, had raised me in  
“ the governor's esteem, and he came  
“ pre-possessed much in my favour.

“ This gentleman was a widower,—  
“ had only one son, and, by living  
“ very frugally, had acquired an im-  
“ mense fortune. In short, that very  
“ day,

“ day, after dinner, he took Mr. Cran-  
“ ston aside, and told him his inten-  
“ tion of paying his addresses to me,  
“ and asked him, if he thought he  
“ was likely to succeed. Mr. Cranston  
“ told him, that I had of late got up  
“ my spirits wonderfully, and that he  
“ hoped I would not be so blind to my  
“ own interest as to refuse him. In  
“ short, his friendship for me made  
“ him say so much in my favour, that  
“ Mr. Brecket was quite impatient to  
“ be out of suspense.

“ It is needless to trouble you with  
“ the particulars of his courtship. By  
“ the entreaty of my good friends,  
“ Mr. and Mrs. Cranston, and think-  
“ it would be in my power to provide  
“ for my son, I consented, though I  
“ must own reluctantly, for my af-  
“ fections were buried in a watry  
“ grave.

“ Mr.

“ Mr. *Breckel* was a man very up-  
“ right in his dealings, but was so  
“ far from being generous, that he  
“ would not part with the smallest  
“ trifle to relieve his nearest friend.  
“ This gave me great uneasiness. To  
“ be in the midst of plenty, and not  
“ to contribute to the ease of my fel-  
“ low-creatures, was to me worse, than  
“ if I had been in want of the com-  
“ mon necessaries of life. I soon found  
“ it was impossible to do any thing  
“ for my son. When I mentioned  
“ him, he was peevish, and said, he  
“ believed I was fonder of my son,  
“ than of my husband. I often hint-  
“ ed at the generosity of Mr. *Friendly*,  
“ but all the return I got was, that I  
“ ought to be thankful I had left him  
“ in such good hands. In short, I led a  
“ very disagreeable life, which the con-  
“ siderations I before mentioned, were  
“ the



“ the only things that made me bear it  
“ with tolerable patience. We had very  
“ little company came to the house,  
“ except on business, and those I had  
“ no occasion to see, as my husband  
“ seldom gave them an invitation to a  
“ meal. I had, moreover, not very  
“ often the pleasure of my dear Mrs.  
“ *Cranston's* company. She easily saw  
“ she was not made welcome by Mr.  
“ *Breckin*, consequently her good sense  
“ taught her, that her visits would ra-  
“ ther give me pain than pleasure. I  
“ endeavoured to do my duty as  
“ cheerfully as I could, and as my re-  
“ tired way of living had recommend-  
“ ed me to his favour, he did not  
“ doubt but I was content with my  
“ situation. I really believe, next to  
“ his money, he loved me better than  
“ any thing on earth,

“ His

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart*. 191

“ His son was about eighteen when  
“ I married, and was as wild and ex-  
“ travagant as his father was other-  
“ wise. It is impossible to tell you  
“ what methods he took to draw mo-  
“ ney from his father; and what he  
“ got was all squandered away on  
“ lewd women, and in drunkenness.  
“ Before he was one and twenty, his  
“ constitution was quite broken. 'Tis  
“ hard to say whether *Mr. Brecket*, or  
“ his son led the most uncomfortable  
“ life. The first was continually un-  
“ easy in his mind about hoarding up  
“ money, which he knew not how to  
“ purchase one pleasure with; and the  
“ last was borne down with a crazy  
“ body, and the disagreeable reflection  
“ of bringing it on by his own intem-  
“ perance. How am I surprized,  
“ when I think on all mankind, as it  
“ were, aiming and striving for hap-  
“ piness,

“ pines, and the different extraordinary methods they take to attain it!

“ Mr. *Breckel* did not seem to have much concern at his son's bad state of health. It was with difficulty, after he was confined to his bed, that I got him to send for a physician. Indeed, I believe he did not think him in danger; but when the physician told him it was impossible to save him, he appeared a little shocked. After he took his bed, he lingered about a month, and, in that time, seemed quite sensible of his folly. He was extremely fond of me, and told his father, the day before he died, that I had shewn more affection to him than ever he had received from him or his own mother. His death really affected me. Had he recovered, I am persuaded he would have led a quite different life.

“ life. Mr. *Breckel* was a little affect-  
“ ed at first, but it soon wore off.

“ For ten years I may say I passed  
“ my time in a continued course of in-  
“ activity. Custom had made it tole-  
“ rably easy, though many an anxious  
“ thought I had still concerning my  
“ son.

“ One day I was sitting musing on  
“ the happy days of my youth, and  
“ on the different turns of fortune I  
“ had experienced, when Mr. *Breckel*  
“ came into the room. I was sitting  
“ with my back to the door, and be-  
“ ing deep in thought I did not observe  
“ him, till he gave me a pat on the  
“ neck, which made me give a sudden  
“ start. My spirits being low, it put  
“ them in a flutter, and I burst into  
“ tears. Mr. *Breckel* had never seen  
“ me do so before; so was much sur-  
“ prised, and begged to know what was



“ the matter. I could not tell him,  
“ but continued crying, till he flung  
“ from me in a passion. I was alarm-  
“ ed, and arose suddenly, held him by  
“ the coat, and begged him to have  
“ patience, and I would satisfy him.  
“ He sat down by me, and seemed  
“ very uneasy. I ventured to tell him,  
“ that, when he came into the room,  
“ my thoughts were employed on con-  
“ sidering what an unnatural mother I  
“ had been, in never making any en-  
“ quiry after a son, who, for years,  
“ had been living on the bounty of  
“ strangers. In short, my tears had  
“ such an effect on him, that he pro-  
“ mised to write, jointly with me, to  
“ Mr. *Friendly*; and if my son was  
“ alive, to desire that he would set out  
“ for the *West-Indies* directly. He told  
“ me, that, should he survive me, he  
“ would make my son his heir; and,  
“ in

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart*. 195

“ in short, said so many kind things,  
“ that I began to accuse myself, in my  
“ own mind, for not having made  
“ tryal of his good nature before ; but,  
“ indeed, I had always stood as much  
“ in awe of him as a child would of a  
“ severe parent.

“ I now ventured to say a great deal  
“ to him, and had the satisfaction to  
“ find, that every word seemed to affect  
“ him. Next day, he went and gave  
“ Mrs. *Cranston* such a kind invitation  
“ to come and see me that afternoon,  
“ that she was quite amazed. She  
“ came, you may believe, with a great  
“ deal of pleasure.

“ We were sitting at tea in the af-  
“ ternoon, Mr. *Breckel* much better  
“ company than I had ever seen him,  
“ when, in a moment, he was seized  
“ with an apoplectic fit, and died in  
“ less than two hours. I really cannot

“ say how much I was affected. His  
“ kindness to me, immediately before,  
“ had made an impression on my heart,  
“ naturally tender ; yet that being sud-  
“ den, and the thoughts that I was  
“ now my own mistress, and had a for-  
“ tune that would enable me to con-  
“ tribute to the happiness of thousands,  
“ prevented me, I believe, from feeling  
“ so much as I ought to have done,  
“ for a husband, who had certainly  
“ given me an undoubted proof of his  
“ love, by leaving me his whole for-  
“ tune. He had but few relations in  
“ the place, and those few refused to  
“ come to his funeral. I was shocked  
“ at their behaviour, as I thought it was  
“ carrying resentment a terrible length,  
“ to refuse seeing his remains laid in the  
“ earth. However, all the principal  
“ people in the place were at his inter-  
“ ment.

“ After

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart*. 197

“ After every thing was settled, I acquainted Mrs. *Cranston*, that I intended to go to my native country, and, to my great joy, she informed me, that Mr. *Cranston* had now made so considerable a fortune, that they intended to do the same. In short, we stayed no longer than we could get every thing ready. I wrote letters to Mr. *Brecket's* relations, and sent them considerable presents, which surprised them not a little, and brought them to wait on me with many apologies for their behaviour. We set sail the 5th of *August* last, and have had a very agreeable voyage. We landed at——— where I left Mr. *Cranston* and his family with some of their friends, with whom they were to continue three or four weeks. I was much importuned to stay likewise, but I

K 3

“ had



“ had a correspondence to settle at  
“ *Edinburgh*, about money matters, so  
“ would not be prevailed on. I told  
“ them I should not set out for *Lon-*  
“ *don* till they came here. I was quite  
“ impatient to know if my dear son  
“ was alive, but in case he were not,  
“ I thought I should have occasion for  
“ my good Mrs. *Cranston* to comfort  
“ me. On this account I did not write  
“ to Mr. *Friendly*, or to any one else.  
“ I had several letters to people of di-  
“ stinction in this place, who have  
“ shewn me the greatest civility and  
“ respect. I am naturally of a chear-  
“ ful, sociable temper, so easily accept-  
“ ed their invitations to the different  
“ public entertainments.

“ My long confinement made me  
“ think I was in a new world. I am  
“ one of those that think it very ne-  
“ cessary to keep the spirits in due ele-  
“ vation,

“ vation, that we should partake, in a  
“ moderate way, of the innocent en-  
“ joyments of life. I think there can-  
“ not be a greater pleasure, than to  
“ see, at a public entertainment, where  
“ there is regularity and order, hun-  
“ dreds of people, seemingly happy  
“ in themselves, and all endeavouring  
“ to please one another. What is the  
“ use of riches and power, if we spend  
“ our days in a recluse way, without  
“ making either ourselves, or any one  
“ the better? They who never enter  
“ into public life, cannot possibly have  
“ the same feeling, as those who are  
“ fond of society; at least, I don’t  
“ think we have many examples of  
“ their doing generous actions. Their  
“ purses are generally as contracted  
“ as their minds, and both, as it were,  
“ are confined to a corner.—There  
“ were many of the young people !

“admired at the assembly, and none  
“more than Miss *Catbcart*. I was  
“vastly pleased when Lady *Evergreen*  
“told me she was a *Londoner*, and  
“gave me some particulars of an ad-  
“venture which raised her in my  
“esteem. Little did I imagine, Mr.  
“*Catbcart*, that my invitation to your  
“family would bring about such a  
“happy meeting!”

Thus, my dear *Nancy*, did Mrs.  
*Brecket* finish her strange adventures.  
Bless me, what has she not gone  
through! Well may she say, with Lady  
*Randolph*, that heaven, in mercy to  
mankind, keeps shut the book of fate;  
for, sure, she has borne ills, one by  
one, that, had she foreseen, she never  
could have endured.

But what a happy turn is this for  
Mr. *Hope*, and my amiable *Fanny*!  
Oh, my dear *Nancy*, you can't imagine  
how

how I enjoy the prospect of their felicity.

You may imagine we all expressed our wonder and admiration. We staid till twelve o'clock, and then left the overjoyed son with his happy mother. We promised to be every day with her, and are all of us to set out for *London* together. I don't suppose we shall be here long. What an amazing deal have I wrote ! Sure this letter will more than answer your expectations. It is therefore time to bid you

Adieu.

CLARINDA CATHCART.

K 5

Mr.



*Mr. HOPE, to Miss FANNY RENTON.*

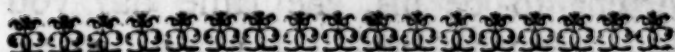
*My dearest Fanny,*

**A**N unexpected turn of Providence makes me have the happiness to acquaint you, that a stop is put to my voyage to the *Indies*, and that I shall soon have the pleasure of seeing my angel, who, I hope, will condescend to make my happiness compleat, in bestowing her dear self on him, who thinks every other blessing tasteless without her, and with her would be unspeakably happy in a cottage. Oh, *Fanny!* My best, my dearest *Fanny!* 'Tis impossible to tell you the particulars; but, my dear angel, I have found a kind, a good, an affectionate mother! I will endeavour to give you an account in my  
next;

next; but I could not delay a post, so have slipt out of the room to tell you how much, and how unalterably I am

Yours,

THOMAS HOPE.



Miss CATHCART, to Miss FANNY RENTON.

NOW am I set down to advise my fair friend not to be as much puffed up with prosperity, as she was cast down in adversity. How will Lady *Betty Williams*, in a short time, admire the shining, blushing bride! Did not I tell you, my dear, that you would be ripened into a pearl? Why,

K 6

your

your new mother will give you jewels, that all her ladyship's fortune would not be able to purchase. Now, should you pretend that you are indifferent, and that *Tommy's* voyage being stopped is the only thing gives you pleasure, remember I am not to believe you. And here is Sir *Harry* insisting me to consent to be his, the same day you favour *Tommy* with your hand. Now, if one could be certain, that you would keep free for a year or two, I should not much care, since what must be, must be, that you and I might keep one another in countenance; but I must hear your resolution, before I give my consent.

But, my dear *Fanny*, have not we the greatest reason in the world to admire the wonderful turns of Providence? Mr. *Hope* tells me he has wrote you a full account of the melancholy adventures

adventures of his excellent mother. We see how her patience and resignation are now rewarded. She longs to see you, and is prepared, my dear, to love and admire you. She is quite delighted with her son, and happy, she says, he has fixed his affections on a young lady so well brought up, as, she knows, you must be by so good and worthy parents. But your *Tommy*, I suppose, has wrote you an account of every thing. I don't know, though; his head is so much taken up. All rapture, I suppose; but I must see his letters. I'll give you letter for letter in return, when we take our private walks. Oh, but I am afraid Mr. *Hope* will rob me of that pleasure. Don't laugh at me—I can't bear to be laughed at.—I must, *Fanny*, shew Mr. *Hope* your dismal epistle, but not till after you are shackled. For, Lord have mercy



mercy upon us, who would venture to marry a vapourish woman? And then, poor thing, if he should draw back,—Why, my dear, if you do not take the lover's leap, you will certainly at least cry your eyes out.

But to be serious.—We shall have a world of entertainment when we meet. Adieu, my dear, Adieu. I see your mother's chariot; four footmen behind. Adieu. Adieu.

---

*Miss CATHCART, to Miss FLOYD.*

**I**HAD the favour, my dear *Nancy*, of your letter, though not in return to the last extraordinary one I sent you.

I am

I am every day more and more happy. Sir *Harry* has a thousand good qualities that are only to be found out by degrees, and long since, when at *Renton Park*, you know, I thought he had enough to make me prefer him to all I had ever seen. You cannot conceive how much pleasure he takes in the happiness of others.

Since I wrote to you, he has been talking to Mr. *Friendly* of the captain's passion for Miss *Douglas*. You may believe it was by desire. Mr. *Friendly* seemed not quite to approve of it; and said, his son, he thought, rather too young to make a husband of; and as his fortune is small, and he would, probably, be soon on half pay, he thought at least they ought to wait a few years; that officers had a much better chance of being raised when single, than when married. As to the young lady, he had  
had

had no manner of objection to her; and that her father and the whole family were agreeable to him. Sir *Harry* said a great deal in praise of the young lady, and the captain coming in, he left them together. It then came into Sir *Harry's* head to talk to Mrs. *Breckel*, who is a great friend to early marriages. As soon as Sir *Harry* mentioned it, she was quite delighted. "I intended," said she, "Sir *Harry*, "to purchase a majority for Captain *Friendly* directly. Since he intends "to marry, I must do more for him. "I will talk to Mr. *Douglas* about his "daughter. I hope we shall get all "matters made easy." Accordingly, my dear, every thing is agreed on already. Mr. *Douglas* is gone to bring in old *Bess*, as he calls his wife. We expect them this evening, and, to-morrow I am to stand best maid. (So they

they call the bride's maid here.) Mrs. *Breckel* has presented Miss *Douglas* with a handsome set of jewels. We are all to set out for *London* on *Monday*. Miss *Sally Douglas* is to go with her sister, and Mr. and Mrs. *Douglas* are to be up in the spring to bring down *Sally*, in case we cannot provide her with a husband.

Sir *George* and Lady *Evergreen* sailed yesterday. Her ladyship seemed vastly disappointed at Mr. *Hope's* not going with them. There is a nephew of Mr. *Douglas's* goes in his place. I have not time to be particular. Where there is to be a marriage, you know, there must of consequence be a flurry and hurry. You may prepare, *Nancy*, to receive me on *Thursday* evening. I have wrote to Mrs. *Lenox*, to have all the rooms aired. The whole company are to be with us. I hope you have  
not



not forgot you are to be one of the bride's maids ; but I have not fixed a time yet, till I hear from *Renton Park*.

Here am I obliged to conclude without so much as usual compliments ; and for what ? I must tell you for what ; to go down and advise whether a broad or a narrow silver ribbon is best for the bride's garters—A narrow one, *Molly*, you may tell her.—“ But  
“ my lady, ma'am, begs you will  
“ come down, and see them. There  
“ is something else she wants your  
“ advice in.”—“ Well, well, tell her  
“ I'll come.”

Something of equal importance, I suppose. I know I shan't get up stairs in time for the post ; so, *Nancy*,

Adieu,

CLARINDA CATHCART.

*Miss*

Miss FLOYD, to Lady FORREST.

My dear Lady *Forrest*,

THE happy company are arrived. Our dear *Clarinda* is all life and spirit. Her day is fixed. The last day, she says, of her mirth and good humour; that is, in case Sir *Harry* and she should, like most married couples, pull different ways; many of whom appear easy and happy enough, but she has always discernment to see thro' them. Their jests are flat, added she, and, with heavy hearts, they cry, "Cuckow," to one another.

I am quite delighted with the agreeable Mrs. *Brecket*. Mrs. *Friendly* is very engaging. I should think her  
handsome,

handsome, if not in company with *Clarinda*. Miss *Douglas* is well enough. I should have liked to have seen the meeting between *Betsy* and her grandmother. Good old woman! she has allowed her to go with us to *Renton Park*. Every thing is preparing. I hope lady dowager will be so well, as not to keep you from the happy meeting.

Mr. *Hope*, after he arrived here, had scarce patience to wait till next morning before he set out for *Renton Park*. We all go on *Tuesday* morning. Sir *Charles*, Lady *Chester*, Miss *Renton*, Miss *Fanny*, Miss *Nelly*, Lord *Edgar*, and Mr. *Temple*, are to meet us at——. Mrs. *Cathcart*, and Cousin *Polly*, who is gone to live with her, are to be with Lady *Renton* to receive us. Shall I tell you how we are to be seated when we set out? In a coach and six are to  
be

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart.* 213

be *Clarinda*, Miss *Douglas*, Miss *Floyd*, and Sir *Harry*. Mr. *Cathcart*, and his niece *Betsy*, in his new chaise. Mr. *Friendly*, with Mrs. *Breckel*, in her chariot; and Captain *Friendly* and his lady in a handsome new chariot which they received as a present from Mrs. *Breckel*. I assure you we shall make a grand appearance.

Sir *Harry* has presented *Clarinda* with a set of jewels of such value, that she declares he must purchase a coronet before she shall think herself entitled to wear them. Mrs. *Breckel* is preparing a world of fine things for *Fanny*. But here comes *Clarinda*.

“Writing to Lady *Forrest*, *Nancy*?” said she. “Come, give me the pen.”

How do the thoughts of marriage, my dear Lady *Forrest*, bring down the best spirits! But an excess of pleasure, it is said, is always pain. Surely this

is



is the case; for here am I, as happy and as pleased as I could wish; and yet, I am so heigh-ho, that, in short, I am not so happy or so pleased as I was, when I was not so happy and so pleased. Can't your ladyship understand me? Yes, you do. I think I understand myself. I wish you were here—No, I wish rather for *Fanny*. What silly nonsense I write! But I must be scribbling. I need not beg of you to be at *Renton Park* on *Thursday* next. I know you will if you can. I resign the pen to *Nancy*. My dear, Adieu.

See, Lady *Forrest*, how she has contradicted me, by telling you of her heigh-ho spirits, after I had asserted she was all life and humour. Well, if she is as she says, I shall never pretend to judge by appearances. I swear I never saw her better company in my life.

life. Come, *Clarinda*, take the pen again, and contradict me if you can.

I never thought, Lady *Forrest*, that our friend *Nancy* had so little penetration. My spirits are all a blind to cover a timid heart. Poor *Nancy*! I have got a secret of hers, since I came to town, that she durst not venture on paper; a secret, which, I believe, in a short time, will oblige her to muster up such spirits as I have at present. Sir *Edward Salisbury*—Pray, *Nancy*, do you conclude: I won't write another word.——

Now, Lady *Forrest*, she thinks she has punished me; but she loses her aim; for your ladyship is extremely welcome to the hint; 'twill save me some hums and haws when I see you.

Must I take the pen again? Right, *Nancy*, that can turn a punishment into a blessing. Happy Sir *Edward*!

May

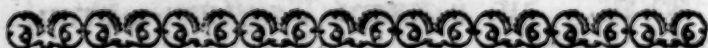
216 *The* HISTORY *of*

May you be sensible of the value of  
your treasure, is the wish of

CLARINDA CATHCART.

Poor Sir *Harry*! may you have so  
little penetration, as not to find out  
the hypocrisy of your sweet spouse,  
is the wish of one of the bride maids  
to be,

NANCY FLOYD.



*Miss* FLOYD, to *Miss* POLLY FLOYD.

**I**AM afraid, my dear *Polly*, I shall  
find it impossible to be so parti-  
cular as I promised. I have scarce a  
moment to myself. However, I will  
try, now and then, to give you a fly-  
ing line.

According

According to appointment, the whole company we expected, met us at——. 'Tis easier to imagine than describe every one's happiness. Mrs. *Breckel* is quite charmed with Miss *Fanny*. I, indeed, think she is the finest girl that ever was seen; Mr. *Hope* the handsomest man. He was dressed in laylock and silver, she in deep mourning. We dined at the *Duke's Head*, and arrived at *Renton Park* at seven. We were received by Lady *Renton*, Mrs. *Cathcart*, and Cousin *Polly*, with tears of joy. The house was so crowded, that Mrs. *Cathcart* invited Captain *Friendly*, his lady, Miss *Douglas*, Cousin *Polly*, *Clarinda*, *Beissy*, and me, to go with her to *Castleton*. Mr. *Friendly's* house is repairing on the account of Mrs. *Breckel*, and the young people, who are to stay there for some time, till Mr. *Hope*



looks out for an estate, which he intends to purchase. *Tuesday* next is fixed on to be the day of days.

They are to have more company at *Renton Park*. The Earl and Countess of *Castlemount*, and their daughter Lady *Augusta*, (I am told she is very pretty, and is much admired by Captain *Renton*) 'Squire *Burton*, his lady, and two sons. They are near relations of Mr. *Hope's*, who never took notice of him till now. Mrs. *Breckel*, on their sending a card of compliment, letting her know how happy they were to hear of her return, and complaining of Mr. *Thomas* for never coming near them, proposed, and it was approved of by all, to invite them to the marriage, to shew she was above expressing any resentment at their past behaviour. The sons, they say, are very valuable young gentlemen; and they,

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart.* 219

they, you know, are not to blame. I will not attempt to write another word, till after the marriage. I have had no less than three messages to come down stairs, since I began the last four lines.

*Thursday Morning.*

Now, my dear *Polly*, will I conclude my epistle in as few words as possible; for still, my dear, I am in a violent hurry, and I know you will be impatient. On *Tuesday*, at twelve o'clock, our dear *Clarinda* set out from *Castleton*, dressed in a genteel dishabille, attended by her aunt, bride-maids, &c. and arrived at church, where they were met by Sir *Harry*, Mr. *Hope*, and his amiable *Fanny*, and all the before-mentioned company, except Lady *Renton*, and cousin *Polly*, who went to *Renton Park* that morning to accom-

pany her ladyship. The awful ceremony was performed by Mr. *Wilks*. You may easily suppose what crowds of people followed us to church, and the acclamations of joy given by them demonstrated how much they rejoiced in the happiness of Sir *Harry* and Mr. *Hope*, and how high the characters of those gentlemen stood in the country. Never, my dear *Polly*, did matrimony look with a more smiling aspect. So many happy couples!

After the ceremony, we all went to *Renton Park*, where every thing was suitable to the occasion. We had no dancing, or gaiety of that kind, Lady *Renton* being against it, yet it was the most agreeable day I ever in my life spent. Sir *Harry* had invited Sir *Edward Salisbury*, unknown to me.

I was

I was amazed when I saw him. The same company that came from *Castleton* (except our *Clarinda*) returned that night; and yesterday we had here an elegant ball. *Clarinda*, now Lady *Renton*, opened the ball with Lord *Edgar*. She was dressed in a purple sack with a silver flower, her hair frenched, but without powder, adorned on the left side with small sprigs of diamonds. You saw her point *Brussels* diamond ear-rings, solitaire, and bracelets—those she had on. The next couple were Mrs. *Hope* and the Earl of *Castlemount*. She was dressed in a sack of white satin with a silver flower, her hair without powder, a plain high toupée, with one sprig of diamonds on the left side, a diamond necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets. The rest of the company danced all according to their rank.

After



After the first country dance the agreeable Mrs. *Brecket* proposed to change partners. We were paired as you shall hear. Sir *Harry* and the new-made Lady *Renton*, Mr. *Hope*, and his charming *Fanny*, Sir *Charles* and Lady *Chester*, Sir *Robert* and Lady *Forrest*, Lord *Edgar* and *Caroline*, Captain *Renton*, and Lady *Augusta*, *Nell* and Mr. *Temple*, one of the Mr. *Burton's* with *Betsy*, and, you may be sure, Miss *Floyd* with Sir *Edward Salisbury*, &c. &c. Mrs. *Brecket* and Mr. *Cathcart*, aunt *Nell* and Mr. *Friendly* danced a double minuet. I have now, I think, related every particular, therefore will hasten to conclude; adding only that, as they all go again into mourning, they propose not to be in town, till the time of it is expired.

Tell my dear mother I will be punctual to my day. And now,  
*Polly,*

Miss *Clarinda Cathcart*. 223

*Polly*, that you, and I, and every good girl, whose wish it is not to continue single, may be blessed with an agreeable partner for life, is the sincere wish of

Your ever affectionate sister,

NANCY FLOYD.

F I N I S.



*BOOKS lately Printed for F. and*  
*J. NOBLE.*

1. **A**dventures and Amours of the  
Marquis de Noailles and Ma-  
demoiselle Tencin. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

2. Apparition: or, the Female Cava-  
lier. 3 vols. 9s. bound.

3. Accomplished Rake; or the Mo-  
dern Fine Gentleman, 3s. bound.

4. Bracelet; or, the Fortunate disco-  
very, 2 vols. 6s. bound.

5. Bubbled Knights; or the success-  
ful Contrivances. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

6. Child's Entertainer. A Collection  
of Riddles, embellished with a Picture  
of each Subject. 6d. bound.

7. Devil upon Crutches in England;  
or, Night Scenes in London. The  
Fifth Edition, in which is now added,  
the History of a celebrated Courtezan.  
3s. bound.

8. Emily Willis; or, the History of  
a Natural Daughter. 2 vol. 6s. bound.

9. Each Sex in their humour; or the  
Histories of the families of Brightly,  
Finch, Fortescue, Shelburne and Ste-  
vens. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

10. Fortune-



*BOOKS lately Printed for, &c.*

10. Fortune-Teller; or, the Footman ennobled. 2 vols 6s. bound.
11. Fortunate Villager: or, the Memoirs of Sir Andrew Thompson, 2 vols. 6s. bound.
12. Fruitless Inquiry. 2s 6d bound.
13. History of Sir Harry Herald, with the Adventures of Mr. Charles Herald, and Miss Felicia Blanchman. 3 vols. 9s. bound.
14. History of a young Lady of Distinction. In a series of Letters between Madame du Montier, and the Marchioness de \*\*\*, her Daughter. Translated from the French of Madame de Beaumont, 2 vols. 6s. bound.
15. History of the great plague which raged in London, in the year 1665. Also, a Journal of the Plague at Marseilles, in the Year 1720. 5s. in Boards, or 6s. bound.
16. History of Henry Dumont, Esq. and Miss Charlotte Evelyn, 3s. bound.
17. History of Portia, 2 vols. 6s. bound.
18. History of Amanda, 3s. bound.
19. History of Lady Louisa Stroud,  
and



*BOOKS lately Printed for*

and the Honourable Miss Caroline Stretton, 2 vols. 6s. bound.

20. History of my own life. Being an Account of many of the severest Trials imposed by an implacable Father upon the most affectionate Pair that ever entered the Marriage State, 2 vols. 6s. bound.

21. History of Frederic the Forsak-  
2 vols. 6s. bound.

22. History and Adventures of Frank Hammond, 3s. bound.

23. History of Miss Sally Sable, a Foundling, 2 vol. 6s. bound.

24. History of Sir Roger and his Son Joe, 2 vols. 6s. bound.

25. History of two Persons of Quality. 3s. bound.

26. History of Miss Kitty N——. Containing a faithful and particular Relation of her Amours, Adventures, and various Turns of Fortune, in Scotland, Ireland, Jamaica, and in England. 3s. bound.

27. History of Miss Lucinda Courtney; in a Series of Original Letters, written by herself, to her Friend Miss  
Constantia

**F. and J. NOBLE.**

**Constantia Bellmour.** 3 vol. 9s. bound.

28. **Jilts; or, the Female Fortune-Hunters,** 3 vol. 9s. bound.

29. **Life and surprizing Adventures of Crusoe** Richard Davis. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

30. **Life and Adventures of Mr. John Van.** 2 vols. 6s bound.

31. **Life of the Swedish Countess G——** 3s. bound.

32. **Life and Memoirs of Corporal Bates.** 3s. bound.

33. **Life and Real Adventures of Hamilton Murry.** 3 vols. 9s. bound.

34. **Muse in Good Humour; a Collection of Comic Tales.** 2 vols. 6s. bound.

35. **Muse in a Moral Humour; a Collection of agreeable and instructive Tales, Fables, Pastorals, &c.** 2 vols. 6s. bound.

36. **Mother-in-law; or, the Innocent Sufferer.** 2 vols. 6s. bound.

37. **Nocturnal Revels; or an Universal Hist. and Interpretation of Dreams.** 3s

38. **Northern Memoirs; or, the Hist. of a Scotch Family.** 2 vols. 6s. bound.

39. **Rival**

*BOOKS lately Printed for, &c*

39. Rival Mother; or the History of the Countess de Salens, and her two Daughters. 2 vols. 6s. bound.

40. Reformed Coquet; or, the Adventures of Amoranda. 2s bound.

41. Supposed Daughter; or, the Innocent Imposter. 3 vols. 9s. bound.

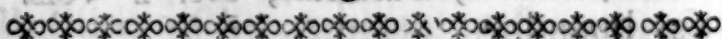
42. True Merit, True Happiness; exemplified in the entertaining Memoirs of Mr. S——. 2 vols. 6s bound.

43. Voyages, Travels, and wonderful Discoveries of Capt. John Holmesby. 3s.

44. Virtuous Criminal; or the History of Lord Stanley, 2 vols. 6s bound.

45. Ways to kill Care; a Collection of Songs, adapted to all Humours. By young D'Urfey, 1s 6d sew'd.

46. Memoirs of a Coquet; or, the History of Miss Harriot Airy. 3s sew'd, or 4s bound and gilt.



Shortly will be published,  
*In two Volumes, Price 5s. sewed,*

*E L I Z A:*

Or, The HISTORY of  
Miss *GRANVILLE*.

By the Author of *INDIANA DANBY*.

